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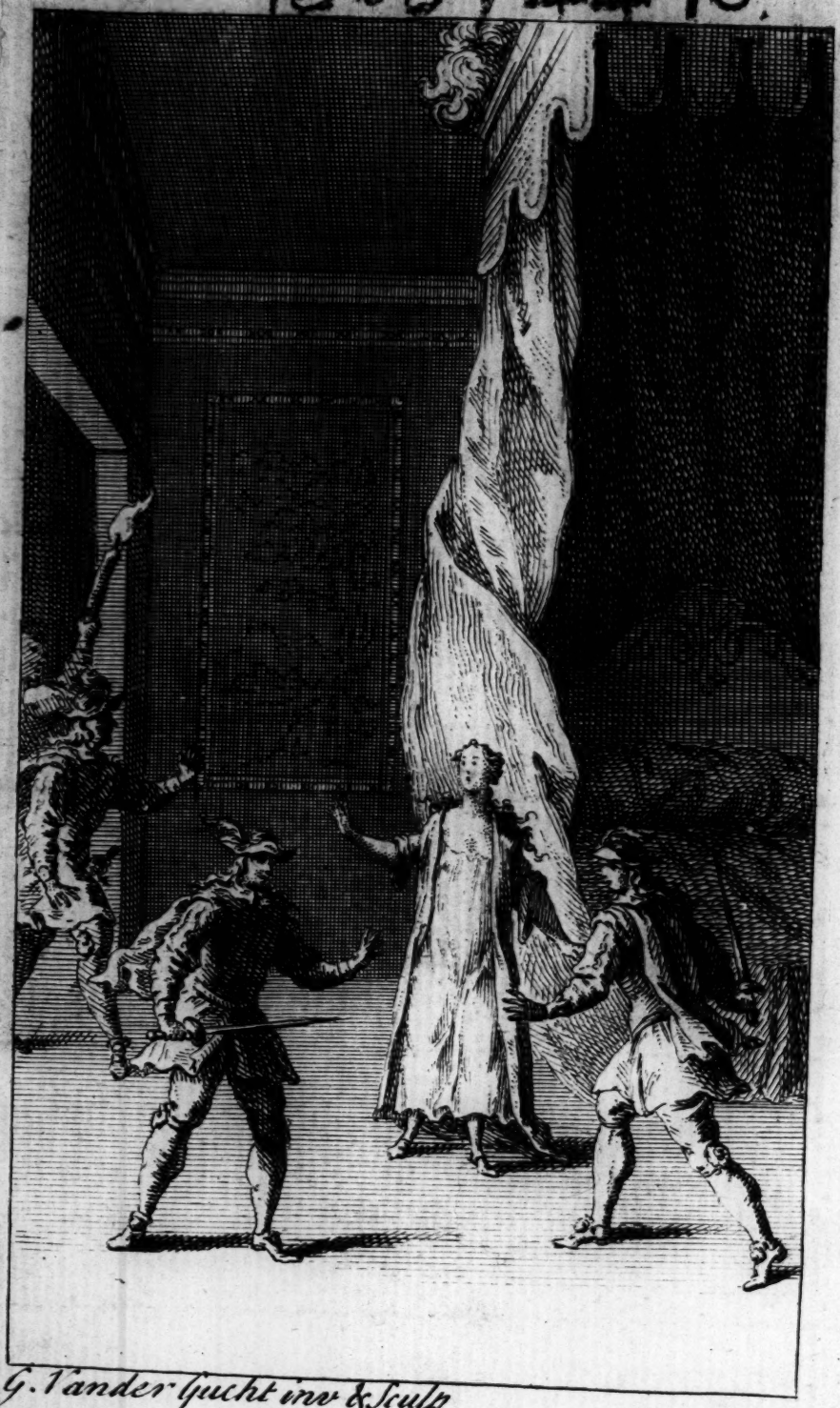

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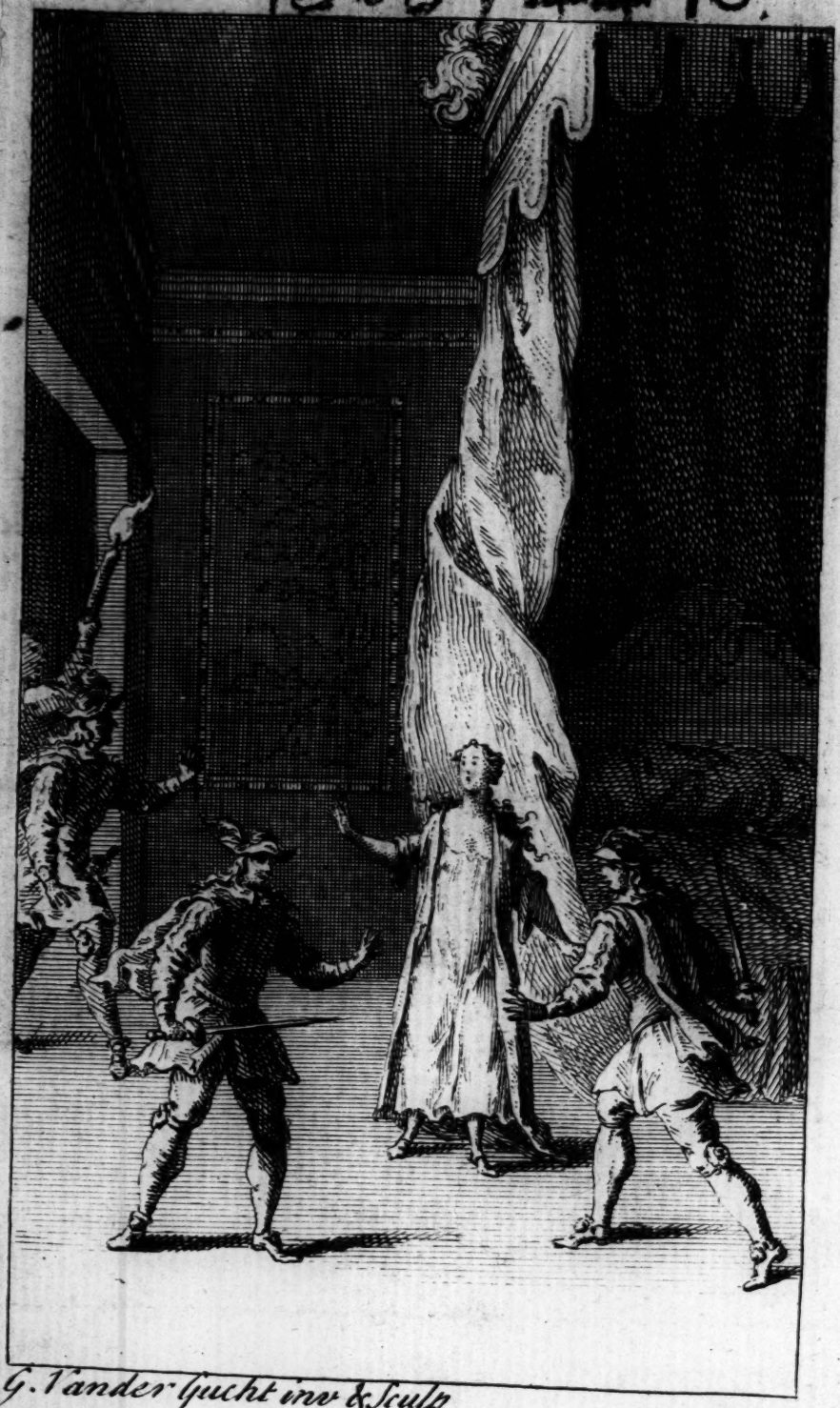

G. Tander Gucht inv & Sculp

THE FALSE FRIEND.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON; And Sold by W. FEALES at *Rowe's* Head, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand.*

MDCCXXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
63
APR

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Capt. *Griffin*.

YOU dread Reformers of an impious Age,
You awful Cat-a-nine Tails to the Stage,
This once be juſt, and in our Cauſe engage.
To gain your Favour, we your Rules obey,
And treat you with a moral Piece to-day;
So moral, we're afraid 'twill damn the Play.
For tho' y'ave long been leagu'd (as People tell)
T'reduce the Power exorbitant of Hell;
No Troops you ſend, t'abate it in this Field,
But leave us ſtill expos'd, to ſtarve or yield.
Your Scouts indeed ſometimes come ſtealing in,
T'obſerve this formidable Camp of Sin,
And whiſper, if we'll piouſly declare,
What Aids you then will ſend to help us thro' the War.
To this we anſwer, We're a feeble State,
And cannot well afford to love or hate,
So ſhou'd not meddle much in your Debate.
But ſince your Cauſe is good, thus far we'll go,
When Portugal *declares, we'll do ſo too.*
Our Caſes, as we think, are much alike,
And on the ſame Conditions we ſhou'd ſtrike;
Send to their Aid a hundred Men of War,
To ours a hundred Squadrons of the Fair;
Rig out your Wives and Daughters all around,
(I mean wh'are fit for Service, tight and ſound)
And for a Proof our Meaning is ſincere,
See but the Ships are good, and if you fear
A Want of Equipage, we'll man them here.

PROLOGUE.

Theſe are the Terms, on which you may engage
The Poet's Fire, to batter from the Stage.
Uſeful Alley! whoſe Friendſhip let's you in
Upon the weak and naked Side of Sin;
Againſt your old Attack, the Foe's prepar'd,
Well fortify'd, and always on his Guard;
The ſacred Shot you ſend are flung in vain;
By impious Hands with inſolent Diſdain,
They're gather'd up, and fir'd at you again.
Thro' baffled Toils, and unſucceſsful Cares,
In Slaughter, Blood and Wounds, and pious Snares,
T'ave made a Flanders *War theſe fifteen hundred Years.*
Change then your Scheme, if you'll your Foe annoy,
And the infernal Bajazet *deſtroy:*
Our aid accept,
We'ave gentler Stratagems which may ſucceed;
We'll tickle 'em, where you wou'd make 'em bleed:
In Sounds leſs harſh we'll teach 'em to obey;
In ſofter Strains the evil Spirit lay,
And ſteal their Immorality away.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

WHAT ſay you, Sirs, d'ye think my Lady'll 'ſcape?
'Tis dev'liſh hard to ſtand a Fav'rite's Rape.
Shou'd Guzman, *like Don* John, *break in upon her,*
For all her Virtue, Heaven! have mercy on her:
Her Strength, I doubt, 's in his Irreſolution,
There's wondrous Charms in vig'rous Execution.
Indeed you Men are Fools, you won't believe
What dreadful things we Women can forgive:
I know but one we never do paſs by,
And that you plague us with eternally;
When in your courtly Fears to diſoblige,
You won't attack the Town which you beſiege:
Your Guns are light, and planted out of reach:
D' ye think with Billetdoux to make a Breach?
'Tis Small-Shot all, and not a Stone will fly:
Walls fall by Cannon, and by firing nigh:
In ſluggiſh dull Blockades you keep the Field,
And ſtarve us ere we can with Honour yield.
In ſhort ——
We can't receive thoſe Terms you gently tender,
But ſtorm, and we can anſwer our Surrender.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don *Felix*, a Gentleman of *Valencia*.		Capt. *Griffin*.
Don *Pedro*,	Lovers of *Leonora*.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Don *Guzman*,		Mr. *Mills*.
Don *John*,		Mr. *Cibber*.
Lopez, Servant to Don *John*.		Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Galindo, Servant to Don *Guzman*.		Mr. *Bullock*.

WOMEN.

Leonora, Daughter to Don *Felix*.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Iſabella, her Friend, and Siſter to *Guzman*.	Mrs. *Kent*.
Jacinta, Woman to *Leonora*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.

SCENE, *at* Valencia.

THE

THE FALSE FRIEND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Don* John's *Lodgings.*

Enter Don John *beating* Lopez.

LOPEZ.

HOLD, Sir, hold; there's enough in all Conſcience; I'm reaſonable, I ask no more; I'm content.

Don *John.* Then there's a double Content, you Dog, and a Brace of Contents more into the Bargain. Now is't well? [*Striking again and again.*

Lop. O mighty well, Sir, you'll never mend it; pray leave it as 'tis.

Don *John.* Look you, you Jackanapes, if ever I hear an Offer at your impertinent Advice again ——

Lop. And why, Sir, will you ſtifle the moſt uſeful of my Qualifications?

Don *John*. Either, Sirrah, I paſs for a very great Blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to reckon much upon my Patience.

Lop. Your Patience, Sir, indeed is great; I feel at this time forty Proofs on't upon my Shoulders: But really, Sir, I wou'd adviſe you to———

Don *John*. Again! I can bear thee no longer. Here Pen and Ink, I'll give thee thy Diſcharge: Did I take you for a Valet, or a Privy-Counſellor, Sir?

Lop. 'Tis confeſs'd, Sir, you took me but for humble Employment; but my Intention was agreeably to ſurprize you with ſome ſuperior Gifts of Nature, to your faithful Slave. I profeſs, my noble Maſter, a moſt perfect Knowledge of Men and Manners. Yours, gracious Sir, (with all reſpect I ſpeak it) are not irreprehenſible. And I'm afraid in time, Sir, I am indeed, they'll riggle you into ſome ill-favour'd Affair, whence with all my Underſtanding I ſhall be puzzled to bring you off.

Don *John*, Very well, Sir.

Lop. And therefore, Sir, it is, that I (poor *Lopez* as I am) ſometimes take leave to moralize.

Don *John*. Go, go, moralize in the Market-Place: I'm quite worn out. Once more, march.

Lop. Is the Sentence definitive?

Don *John*. Poſitive.

Lop. Then pray let us come to account, and ſee what Wages are due.

Don *John*. Wages! Refund what you have had, you Raſcal you, for the plague you have given me.

Lop. Nay, if I muſt loſe my Money, then let me claim another Right; Loſers have leave to ſpeak. Therefore advance, my Tongue, and ſay thy Pleaſure; tell this Maſter of mine, he ſhou'd die, with ſhame at the Life he leads: ſo much unworthy of a Man of Honour: Tell him———

Don *John*. I'll hear no more.

Lop. You ſhall indeed, Sir.

Don *John*. Here, take thy Money, and be gone.

Lop. Counters all; adieu you gliſtering Spangles of the World; farewel ye Tempters of the Great; not me. Tell him——— Don

Don *John*. Stay.

Lop. Go on; tell him he's worſe among the Women than a Ferret among the Rabbits; at one and all, from the Princeſs to the Tripe-Woman; handſome, ugly, old Women and Children, all go down.

Don *John*. Very well.

Lop. It is indeed, Sir, and ſo are the Stories you tell them to bring them to your matters. The Handſome, ſhe's all Divinity to be ſure; the Ugly, ſhe's ſo agreeable, were it not for her Virtue, ſhe'd be over-run with Lovers; the light airy Flipflap, ſhe kills him with her Motions; the dull heavy-tail'd Maukin melts him down with her Modeſty; the ſcragged lean pale Face has a Shape for Deſtruction; the fat over-grown Sow has an Air of Importance; the tall aukward Trapes with her Majeſty wounds; the little ſhort Trundle-tail ſhoots a *Je-ne-ſcay quoy*: In a word, they have all ſomething for him—— and he has ſomething for them all.

Don *John*. And thus, you Fool, by a general Attack, I keep my Heart my own; lie with them that like me, and care not ſix Pence for them that don't.

Lop. Well ſaid, well ſaid, a very pretty Amuſement truly! But pray, Sir, by your leave (Ceremony aſide) ſince you are pleas'd to clear up into Converſation, what mighty matters do you expect from boarding a Woman you know is already Heart and Soul engag'd to another?

Don *John*. Why I expect her Heart and Soul ſhou'd diſengage in a Week. If you live a little longer with me, Sirrah, you'll know how to inſtruct your next Maſter to the purpoſe: And therefore that I may charitably equip you for a new Service, now I'm turning you out of my own, I'll let you know, that when a Woman loves a Man beſt, ſhe's in the moſt hopeful way of betraying him; for Love, like Fortune, turns upon a Wheel, and is very much given to riſing and falling.

Lop. Like enough: But as much upon the Weather-cock as the Ladies are, there are ſome the Wind muſt blow hard to fetch them about: When ſuch a ſturdy

Huſſy

Huſſy falls in your Honour's way, what account may things turn to then, a'nt pleaſe ye?

Don *John*. They turn to a Bottle, you Puppy.

Lop. I find they'll always turn to ſomething; but when you purſue a poor Woman only to make her Lover jealous, what Pleaſure can you take in that?

Don *John*. That Pleaſure.

Lop. Look you there again.

Don *John*. Why, Sirrah, d'you think there's no Pleaſure in ſpoiling their Sport, when I can't make my own?

Lop. O! to a good-natur'd Man, beſure there muſt; but ſuppoſe, inſtead of fending and proving with his Miſtreſs, he ſhou'd come to ——a—— parrying and thruſting with you; what becomes of your Joy then, my noble Maſter?

Don *John*. Why do you think I'm afraid to fight, you Raſcal?

Lop. I thought we were talking of what we lov'd, not what we fear'd, Sir.

Don *John*. Sir, I love every thing that leads to what I love moſt.

Lop. I know, Sir, you have often fought upon theſe Occaſions.

Don *John*. Therefore that has been no ſtop to my Pleaſures.

Lop. But you have never been kill'd once, Sir; and when that happens, you will for ever loſe the Pleaſure of——

Don *John*. [*ſtriking him*] Breaking your Head, you Raſcal, which will afflict me heartily. See who knocks ſo hard. [*Knocking*.

Lop. Somebody that thinks I can hear no better, than you think I can feel.

Enter Don Guzman.

Don *Guz*. Don *John de Alvarada*, is he here?

Lop. There's the Man. Shew me ſuch another if you can find him. [*Aſide*.

Don *Guz*. Don *John*, I deſire to ſpeak with you alone.

Don

Don *John*. You may ſpeak before this Fellow, Sir, he's truſty.

Don *Guz*. 'Tis an Affair of Honour, Sir.

Don *John*. Withdraw, *Lopez*.

Lop. Behind the Door I will, and no farther. [*Aſide*.] This Fellow looks as if he came to ſave me a broken Head. [Lop. *retires*.

Don *Guz*. I call my ſelf Don *Guzman de Torrellas*, you know what Blood I ſpring from; I am a Cadet, and by conſequence not rich; but I am eſteem'd by Men of Honour: I have been forward to expoſe my ſelf in Battles abroad, and I have met with Applauſe in our Feaſts at home.

Lop. So much by way of Introduction. [*Aſide*.

Don *John*. I underſtand your Merit, Sir, and ſhou'd be glad to do as much by your Buſineſs.

Don *Guz*. Give attention, and you'll be inſtructed. I love *Leonora*, and from my Youth have done ſo. Long ſhe rejected my Sighs, and deſpiſed my Tears, but my Conſtancy at laſt has vanquiſh'd. I have found the way to her Heart, and nothing is wanting to compleat my Joy, but the Conſent of her Father, whom I cannot yet convince, that the Wants in my Fortune are recompens'd by the Merits of my Perſon.

Lop. He's a very dull Fellow indeed. [*Aſide*.

Don *Guz*. In the mean while the Object of my Vows is a Sharer in my Grief, and the only Cordial we have is the Pleaſure of a ſecret Converſation, thro' a ſmall Breach I have made in a thin Partition that divides our Lodgings. I truſt you, Don *John*, with this important Secret; Friend or Enemy, you are noble, therefore keep it, I charge your Honour with it.

Lop. You cou'd not put it in better hands. [*Aſide*.

Don *Guz*. But more, my Paſſion for this Lady is not hid; all *Valencia* is acquainted with my Wiſhes, and approves my Choice. You alone, Don *John de Alvarada*, ſeeming ignorant of my Vows, dare traverſe my Amour.

Don *John*. Go on.

Lop.

Lop. Theſe words import War; lie cloſe, *Lopez*. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* You are the *Argus* of our Street, and the Spy of *Leonora*; whether *Diana*, by her borrow'd Light, ſupplies the abſence of the *Aſtrea* of Day, or that the Shades of Night cover the Earth with impenetrable Darkneſs; you ſtill attend till *Aurora*'s Return, under the Balcony of that adorable Beauty.

Don *John.* So.

Don *Guz.* Where-ever ſhe moves, you ſtill follow as her ſhadow, at Church, at Plays: be her buſineſs with Heaven or Earth, your Importunity is ſuch, you'll ſhare it.

Lop. He is a forward Fellow, that's the truth on't. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* But what's ſtill farther, you take the liberty to copy me; my Words, my Actions, every Motion is no ſooner mine, but yours. In ſhort, you ape me, Don; and to that point, I once deſign'd to ſtab my ſelf, and try if you wou'd follow me in that too.

Lop. No, there the Monkey wou'd have left you. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* But to conclude.

Don *John.* 'Tis time.

Don *Guz.* My Patience, Don, is now no more; and I pronounce, that if henceforth I find you under *Leonora*'s Window, who never wiſh'd, fond Man, to ſee you there, I by the ways of Honour ſhall fix you in another ſtation. I leave you to conſider on't. Farwel. [*Exit* Don *Guz.*

Don *John.* Hold, Sir, we had e'en as good do this honourable Deed now.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. No, pray, Sir, let him go, and may be you mayn't have occaſion it do it at all.

Don *John.* I thought at firſt the Coxcomb came upon another Subject, which wou'd have embaraſs'd me much more.

Lop. Now this was a Subject would have embaraſs'd me enough in all conſcience.

Don *John.* I was afraid he came to forbid me ſeeing his Siſter *Iſabella*, with whom I'm upon very good Terms.

Lop.

Lop. Why now that's a hard Caſe, when you have got a Man's Siſter, you can't leave him his Miſtreſs.

Don *John.* No, Changeling, I hate him enough, to love every Woman that belongs to him: and the Fool has ſo provok'd me by this threatning, that I believe I ſhall have a Stroke at his Mother, before I think my ſelf even with him.

Lop. A moſt admirable way to make up Accounts truly!

Don *John.* A Son of a Whore! s'death, I did not care ſixpence for the Slut before, but now I'll have her Maidenhead in a Week, for fear the Rogue ſhou'd marry her in ten Days.

Lop. Mum; here's her Father: I'll warrant this old Spark comes to correct our way of living too.

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Fel.* Don *John!*

Don *John.* Don *Felix,* do I ſee you in my poor Dwelling? Pray, to what lucky Accident do I owe this Honour?

Don *Fel.* That I may ſpeak to you without conſtraint, pray ſend away your Servant.

Lop. What the Pox have I done to 'em, they are all ſo uneaſy at my Company? [*Aſide.*

Don *John.* Give us Chairs, and leave the Room.

Lop. If this old Fellow comes to quarrel with us too, he'll at leaſt do us leſs harm. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* Won't you retire, Friend? [*Looking behind.*

Don *John.* Be gone, Sirrah.

Lop. [*Aſide*] Pox take ye——you old Prig you: But I ſhall be even with you. [Lopez *hides himſelf.*

Don *Fel.* You know me, Sir?

Don *John.* I do, Sir.

Don *Fel.* That I call my ſelf——

Don *John.* Don *Felix.*

Don *Fel.* That I am of the Houſe of——

Don *John Cabrera,* one of the firſt of *Valencia.*

Don *Fel.* That my Eſtate is——

Don *John.* Great.

Don

Don *Fel.* You know that I have ſome Reputation in the World.

Don *John.* I know your Reputation equals your Birth.

Don *Fel.* And you are not ignorant, that Heav'n for the Conſolation of my gray Hairs has given me an only Daughter, who is not deform'd.

Don *John.* Beauteous as Light.

Don *Fel.* Well ſhap'd, witty, and endow'd with——

Don *John.* All the good Qualities of Mind and Body.

Don *Fel.* Since you are ſatisfy'd with all this, hearken, I pray, with attention, to the Buſineſs that brings me hither.

Don *John.* I ſhall.

Don *Fel.* We all know, Don *John*, ſome by their own experience, ſome by that of others, how nice a Gentleman's Honour is, and how eaſily tarniſh'd; an Eclairciſſement manag'd with prudence, often prevents Misfortunes that perhaps might be upon the point of attending us. I have thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that I have ſeen your Deſigns upon my Daughter: You paſs Nights entire under her Window, as if you were ſearching an opportunity to get into my Houſe; there is no body in the Town but has taken notice of your proceedings; you give the Publick a Subject for diſadvantageous Diſcourſe; and tho' in reality *Leonora*'s Virtue receives no prejudice by it, her Reputation daily runs ſome riſque. My Years have taught me to judge right of Things: and yet I have not been able to decide what your end can be; you can't regard my Daughter on a foot of Gallantry, you know her Virtue, and my Birth too well; and for a Wife you ſeem to have no thought, ſince you have yet made no demand to me: what then is your Intention? You have heard perhaps, I have hearken'd to a Gentleman of *Toledo*, a Man of Merit. I own I have, and I expect him daily here; but, Don *John*, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring in form, I'll eaſe you of a great deal of trouble, which the Cuſtoms of the world impoſe upon theſe occaſions, and, in a word, I'll break with him, and give you *Leonora*.

Lop. Good. [*Aſide.*

Don

Don *Fel.* You don't anſwer me! what is't that troubles you?

Don *John.* That I have been ſuch a Sot, old Gentleman, to hear you with ſo much Patience. [*Riſing.*

Don *Fel.* How, Don! I'm more aſtoniſh'd at your Anſwer, than I was with your Silence.

Don *John.* Aſtoniſh'd! Why han't you talk'd to me of Marriage? He asks me to marry, and wonders what I complain of!

Don *Fel.* 'Tis well —— 'tis well, Don *John*, the Outrage is violent! You inſult me in your own Houſe. But know, Sir —— [*Riſing.*

Don *John.* But know, Sir, there needs no Quarrel, if you pleaſe, Sir; I like your Daughter very well; but for marrying her —— *Serviteur.*

Don *Fel.* Don *Guzman de Torrellas* has not leſs Merit than you, Don.

Don *John.* Agreed; what then?

Don *Fel.* And yet I have refus'd him my Daughter.

Don *John.* Why then you have uſed him better than you have done me, which I take very unkindly.

Don *Fel.* I have us'd you, Sir ——

Don *John.* Us'd me, Sir! you have uſed me very ill, to come into my own Houſe to ſeduce me.

Don *Fel.* What Extravagance!

Don *John.* What Perſecution!

Don *Fel.* Am I then to have no other Anſwer?

Don *John.* Methinks you have enough in all Conſcience.

Don *Fel.* Promiſe me at leaſt, you'll ceaſe to love my Daughter.

Don *John.* I won't affront your Family ſo far neither.

Lop. I'gad my Maſter ſhines to-day. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* Know, Don, that I can bear no more.

Lop. If he cou'd, I think there's no more to lay upon him. [*Aſide.*

Don *Fel.* If I find you continue to importune *Leonora*, I ſhall find a way to ſatisfy my offended Honour, and puniſh your Preſumption.

Don

Don *John*. You ſhall do what you pleaſe to me, provided you don't marry me.

Don *Fel*. Know, *Alvarada*, there are ways to revenge ſuch outrageous Affronts as theſe.

Don *John*. I won't marry.

Don *Fel*. 'Tis enough. [*Exit Don* Fel.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. So; the old Fellow's gone at laſt, and has carry'd great Content along with him. [*Aſide*.

Don *John*. *Lopez!*

Lop. Sir ——

Don *John*. What doſt think? he wou'd have marry'd me!

Lop. Yes, he had found his Man. But you have been even with him.

Don *John*. What, thou haſt heard us then?

Lop. Or I were no Valet: But pray what does your Honour intend to do now? Will you continue the Siege of a Place, where 'tis probable they will daily augment the Fortifications, when there are ſo many open Towns you may march into without the trouble of opening the Trenches?

Don *John*. I am going, *Lopez*, to double my Attacks: I'll beat up her Quarters ſix times a-night, I am now down-right in love; the Difficulties pique me to the Attempt, and I'll conquer or I'll die.

Lop. Why to confeſs the Truth, Sir, I find you much upon my taſte in this matter; Difficulties are the Rocombolle of Love, I never valu'd an eaſy Conqueſt in my life. To rouſe my Fire, the Lady muſt cry out (as ſoftly as ever ſhe can) Have a care my Dear, my Mother has ſeen us; my Brothers ſuſpect me; my Husband may ſurprize us: O, dear Heart, have a care, I pray! Then I play the Devil: But when I come to a Fair-one, where I may hang up my Cloke upon a Peg, get into my Gown and Slippers ——

Don *John*. Impudent Rogue! [*Aſide*.

Lop. See her ſtretch'd upon the Couch in great ſecurity, with ——my Dear, come kiſs me, we have nothing to fear; I droop, I yawn, I ſleep.

Don

Don *John.* Well, Sir, whatever you do with your Fair-one, I am going to be very buſy with mine; I was e'en almoſt weary of her, but *Guzman* and this old Fellow have reviv'd my dying Fire; and ſo, have at her.

Lop. 'Tis all mighty well, Sir, mighty well, Sir, as can be in the world. But if you wou'd have the Goodneſs to conſider *en paſſant*, or ſo, a little now and then, about Swords and Daggers, and Rivals, and old Fellows, and Piſtols and great Guns, and ſuch like Baubles, only now and then at leiſure, Sir, not to interrupt things of more Conſequence,

Don *John.* Thou art a cowardly Raſcal, I have often conſider'd that.

Lop. Ay, that's true, Sir, and yet a Blunderbuſs is preſently diſcharged out of a Garret-Window.

Don *John.* Come, no more words; but follow me: How now! what Impertinence have we here now to ſtop me?

Enter Don Pedro.

Lop. 'Tis Don *Pedro*, or I'm a Dog.

Don *John.* Impoſſible! Don *Pedro* return'd!

Don *Ped.* 'Tis I, my deareſt Friend; I'm come to foget all the Miſeries of a long Abſence, in one happy Embrace. [*They embrace.*]

Don *John.* I'm over-joy'd to ſee you.

Don *Ped.* Mine's not to be expreſt. What, Friend *Lopez* here ſtill! How doſt do *Lopez*? What, doſt not know me?

Lop. As well as my Father's Seal, Sir, when he ſends me a Bill of Exchange.

Don *Ped.* Juſt as he was, I find, Galliard ſtill.

Lop. I find it very unwholeſom to be otherwiſe, Sir.

Don *John.* You have then quitted the Service in *Flanders*, I ſuppoſe.

Don *Ped.* I have ſo, Friend; I have left the Enſigns of *Mars*, and am liſting my ſelf in a ſofter Militia.

Don *John.* Explain, pray.

Don *Ped.* Why, when your Father's Death oblig'd you to leave *Bruſſels*, and return hither to the plentiful Fortune he left you; I ſtaid in *Flanders*, very triſt for your

your loſs, and paſt three years in the Trade of War. About two Months ſince, my Father writ to me from *Toledo*, that he was going to marry me very advantageouſly at *Valencia*: He ſent me the Picture of the Lady, and I was ſo well pleaſed with it, that I immediately got my Congé, and embark'd at *Dunkirk*; I had a quick Paſſage to the *Groyne*, from whence, by the way of *Madrid*, I am come hither with all the ſpeed I cou'd.

I have, you muſt know, been two days in Town, but I have lain *Incognito*, that I might inform my ſelf of the Lady's Conduct I'm to marry; and I have diſcover'd, that ſhe's ſerv'd by two Cavaliers of Birth and Merit. But tho' they have both given many proofs of a moſt violent Paſſion, I have found for the quiet of my Honour, that this virtuous Lady, out of Modeſty or Prudence, has ſhewn a perfect Indifference to them and their Gallantries; her Fortune is conſiderable, her Birth is high, her Manners irreproachable, and her Beauty ſo great, that nothing but my Love can equal it.

Don *John*. I have hearken'd to you, Don *Pedro*, with a great deal of attention, and Heaven's my Witneſs, I have a mighty Joy in ſeeing you; but the Devil fetch me, it makes my Heart bleed to hear you are going to be married.

Don *Ped*. Say no more of that, I deſire you; we have always been Friends, and I earneſtly beg we ever may be ſo; but I am not come to ask Counſel about my Marriage, my Party is taken, and my Inquiries have ſo much heightened my Deſire, that nothing can henceforth abate it. I muſt therefore expect from you, dear Friend, that you won't oppoſe it, but that you'll aid me in haſtning the moment of my Happineſs.

Don *John*. Since 'tis ſo impoſſible for you to reſolve for your own good, I muſt ſubmit to what you'll have me: But are not we to know the Name of this piece of Rarity, that is to do you this good Turn?

Don *Ped*. You'll know it preſently; for I'm going to carry you to her Houſe.

Don *John*. You ſhall tell me at leaſt who are her two Gallants.

Don

Don *Ped.* One, they could not tell me his Name; t'other is —— But before we talk any more of theſe Affairs, can you let me diſpoſe of *Lopez*, till the return of a Servant I ſent three days ago to ——

Don *John.* Carry News of you to *Papa*, I ſuppoſe.

Don *Ped.* You are right; the good Man is thirty Leagues off, and I have not ſeen him this ſix Years.

Don *John.* *Lopez*, do you wait upon Don *Pedro*.

Lop. With all my Heart. It's at leaſt a ſuſpenſion of Boxes o'th' Ear, and Kicks o'the Backſide. [*Aſide.*

Don *Ped.* Then, honeſt *Lopez*, with your Maſter's leave, go to the New-Inn, the King of *France* on horſeback, and ſee if my Servant's return'd; I'll be there immediately, to charge thee with a Commiſſion of more Importance.

Lop. I ſhall perform your Orders, Sir, both to your Satisfaction, and my own Reputation. [*Exit* Lopez.

Don *John.* Very quaint. Well, old Acquaintance, we are going to be married then? 'Tis reſolv'd: Ha!

Don *Ped.* So ſays my Star.

Don *John.* The fooliſheſt Star that has ſaid any thing a great while.

Don *Ped.* Still the ſame, I ſee! Or, more than ever, reſolv'd to love nothing.

Don *John.* Love nothing! Why, I'm in love at this very time.

Don *Ped.* With what?

Don *John.* A Woman.

Don *Ped.* Impoſſible!

Don *John.* True.

Don *Ped.* And how came you in love with her?

Don *John.* Why I was ordered not to be in love with her.

Don *Ped.* Then there's more Humour than Love in't.

Don *John.* There ſhall be what you pleaſe in't: But I ſhan't quit the Gentlewoman, 'till I have convinc'd her there's ſomething in't.

Don *Ped.* Mayn't I know her Name?

Don

Don *John.* When you have let me into your conjugal Affection.

Don *Ped.* Pray ſtay here, but till I have ſent *Lopez* to my Father-in-Law: I'll come back and carry you with me in a moment.

Don *John.* I'll expect you.

Don *Ped.* Adieu, dear Friend; may I in earneſt ſee you quickly in love. [*Exit* Don Pedro.

Don *John.* May I, without a Jeſt, ſee you quickly a Widower.

Solus.

He comes, he ſays, to marry a Woman of Quality that has two Lovers ——— If it ſhould be *Leonora* —— But why ſhe? There are many, I hope, in that condition in *Valencia* —— I'm a little embarraſs'd about it however. ——

Friendſhip, take heed; if Woman interfere,
Beſure the Hour of thy Deſtruction's near.

ACT II.

SCENE, Leonora's *Apartment.*

Enter Leonora, Iſabella, *and* Jacinta.

Leon. DEAR *Iſabella,* come in: How I am plagu'd with this troubleſome Wretch! *Jacinta,* have you ſhut the outward Gates?

Jacin. I have, Madam.

Leo. Shut the Window too; we ſhall have him get in there, by and by.

Iſab. What's this you are in ſuch apprehenſions of, pray?

Leo. Nothing worth naming.

Iſab.

Iſab. You diſſemble: ſomething of Love in the caſe, I'll warrant you.

Leo. The Reverſe on't; 'tis Averſion. My Impertinent Star has furniſh'd me with a Lover for my Guard, who is never from my Window; he perſecutes me to Diſtraction; I affront him fifty times a-day; which he receives with a Bow down to the Ground: In ſhort, all I can do, is doing nothing at all: he ſtill perſiſts in loving me, as much as I hate him.

Iſab. Have a care he don't get the better on't, for all that; for when a Man loves a Woman well enough to perſevere, 'tis odds but ſhe at laſt loves him well enough to make him give it over. But I think I had as good take off my Scarf; for ſince my Brother Don *Guzman* knows I'm with you, he won't quarrel at my return for the Length of my Viſit.

Leo. If he ſhou'd I ſhou'd quarrel with him, which few things elſe would make me do. But methinks, *Iſabella*, you are a little melancholy.

Iſab. And you a little thoughtful.

Leo. Pray tell me your Affliction.

Iſab. Pray don't conceal yours.

Leo. Why truly, my Heart is not at eaſe.

Iſab. Mine, I fear, never will.

Leo. My Father's marrying me againſt my Inclination.

Iſab. My Brother is hindring me from marrying with mine.

Leo. You know I love your Brother, Don *Guzman*.

Iſab. And you ſhall know, I'm uneaſy for Don *John de Alvarada*.

Leo. Don *John!*

Iſab. The ſame.

Leo. Have you any reaſon to hope for a Return?

Iſab. I think ſo.

Leo. I'm afraid, my Dear, you abuſe your ſelf.

Iſab. Why?

Leo. Becauſe he is already in love with ——

Iſab. Who?

Leo. Me.

Iſab.

Iſab. I wou'd not have you too poſitive in that, Madam, for I am very ſure that ———

Leo. Madam, I am very ſure that he's the troubleſome Gueſt I juſt now complain'd of: And you may believe ———

Iſab. Madam, I can never believe he's troubleſome to any body.

Leo. O dear Madam: But I'm ſure I'm forc'd to keep my Windows ſhut, till I'm almoſt dead with Heat, and that I think is troubleſome.

Iſab. This miſtake is eaſily ſet right, *Leonora*; our Houſes join, and when he looks at my Window, you fancy 'tis at yours.

Leo. But when he attacks my Door, Madam, and almoſt breaks it down, I don't know how in the World to fancy 'tis yours.

Iſab. A Man may do that to diſguiſe his real Inclination.

Leo. Nay, if you pleaſe, believe he's dying for you; I wiſh he were; then I ſhou'd be troubled no more with him. Be ſure, *Jacinta*, you don't open a Window to-night.

Iſab. Not while I'm here at leaſt; for if he knows that, he may chance to preſs in.

Leo. Look you, *Iſabella*, 'tis entirely alike to me, who he's fond of; but I'm ſo much your Friend, I can't endure to ſee you deceiv'd.

Iſab. And ſince I have the ſame Kindneſs for you, *Leonora*, know in ſhort, that my Brother is ſo alarm'd at his Paſſion for me, that he has forbid him the Street.

Leo. Bleſs my Soul! and don't you plainly ſee by that, he's jealous of him upon my account?

Iſab. [*Smiling.*] He's jealous of his Honour, Madam, leſt he ſhou'd debauch his Siſter.

Leo. I ſay, he's jealous of his Love, leſt he ſhou'd corrupt his Miſtreſs.

Iſab. But why all this Heat? If you love my Brother, why are you concern'd Don *John* ſhou'd love me?

Leo. I'm not concern'd; I have no Deſigns upon him, I care not who he loves.

Iſab.

Iſab. Why then are you angry?

Leo. Why do you ſay he does not care for me?

Iſab. Well, to content you then; I know nothing certain but that I love him.

Leo. And to content you; I know nothing ſo certain, as that I neither love him, nor never can love him: And ſo I hope we are Friends again.

Iſab. Kiſs me then, and let us never be otherwiſe.

Leo. Agreed: [*They kiſs.*] And now, my Dear, as my Misfortune's neareſt, I am firſt to be pity'd, I am the moſt wretched Woman living. My Father every moment expects a Gentleman from *Flanders*, to whom he has reſolv'd to marry me. But neither Duty, nor Prudence, nor Danger, nor Reſolution, nor all I can ſummon to my Aid, can drive your Brother from my Heart; but there he's fix'd to ruin me.

Jacin. Madam, here's Don *Guzman* at the Chamber-Door; he begs ſo paſſionately to come in, ſure you can't refuſe him.

Leo. Heav'ns! but does he conſider to what he expoſes me?

Jacin. Madam, he conſiders nothing; if he did, I'd ſay he were an impudent Fellow to pretend to be in love with you.

Leo. Shall I venture, *Iſabella*?

Iſab. You know beſt.

Enter Don Guzman.

Jacin. Marry, methinks he knows beſt of us all, for here he comes.

Don *Guz.* Forgive me, lovely *Leonora*; 'tis the laſt time perhaps that I may beg your Pity. My Rival is not far; Exceſs of Modeſty is now our Ruin. Break through it, for this moment you have left, and own to your old Father how you love. He once did ſo himſelf; our Scene of Sorrow may perhaps recall ſome ſmall remembrance of his tender Years, and melt him into Mercy.

Leo. Alas, Don *Guzman* ———

Jacin. O Heav'ns, Madam ———

Leo. What's the matter?

Jacin. Y'are undone, here's your Father.

Iſab. What an unlucky Accident!

Leo. Has he ſeen Don *Guzman!*

Jacin. Nay the Deux knows.

Iſab. Where ſhall he hide himſelf?

Jacin. In the Moon, if he can get thither.

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Guz.* I muſt e'en ſtand it now.

Don *Fel.* Good News, my Daughter, good News; I come to acquaint you, that — How now? What's the meaning of this? Don *Guzman* in my Daughter's Chamber!

Don *Guz.* I ſee your Surprize, Sir, but you need not be diſturb'd; 'twas ſome ſudden Buſineſs with my Siſter, brought me here,

Don *Fel.* 'Tis enough, Sir: I'm glad to find you here; you ſhall be a Witneſs, that I know how to preſerve the Honour of my Family.

Don *Guz.* What mean you, Sir?

Don *Fel.* To marry *Leonora* this moment.

Don *Guz.* How ſay you?

Don *Fel.* I ſay you ſhall have nothing left to ask of me.

Don *Guz.* Is't poſſible? O Heavens! what Joy I feel?

Don *Fel. Leonora*, prepare your Hand and Heart.

Leo. They both are ready, Sir; and in giving me the Man I love, you charge me with a Debt of gratitude, can never be repay'd.

Don *Guz.* [*Kneeling.*] Upon my Knees, I thank the beſt of Men, for bleſſing me with all that's bleſt in Woman.

Iſab. How well that kind, that gentle Look becomes him!

Jacin. Now methinks he looks like an old Rogue, I don't like his Looks. [*Aſide.*

Enter Lopez.

Lop. To all whom it may concern, greeting. Don *Pedro Oſorio* acknowledging himſelf moſt unworthy of the Honour intended him, in the Perſon of the fair *Leonora*, addreſſes himſelf (by me his ſmall Ambaſſador)

to

to the Generoſity of Don *Felix*, for leave to walk in and take poſſeſſion.

Don *Fel.* I had already given order for his Entrance.

Don *Guz.* What is't I hear!

Leo. Support me.

Iſab. She faints.

Don *Guz.* Look Tyrant here, and if thou can'ſt be cruel! [*Holding her.*

Don. *Fel.* Bring in Don *Pedro.*

Don *Guz.* Barbarian!

Jacin. Look up, Madam, for Heaven's ſake; ſince you muſt marry the Fellow, e'en make the moſt on't.

Leo. Hoh ———

Enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Jacin. So ——— How d'ye do now? Come, chear up. See, here he comes. By my Troth, and a pretty turn'd Fellow. [*Aſide.*] He'll ſet all to rights by to-morrow Morning, I'll anſwer for him.

Don *Fel.* Don *Pedro*, you are welcome; let me embrace you.

Don *Ped.* In what Terms, Sir, ſhall I expreſs what I owe you for the Honour you do me? And with what proſpect of Return can I receive this ineſtimable Preſent? Your Picture, Madam, made what Impreſſion Art cou'd ſtamp, but Nature has done more. What Wounds your Sex can give, or ours receive, I feel.

Don *Fel.* Come Son, (for I'm in haſte to call you ſo) —— But what's this I ſee? *Alvarada* here! Whence, Sir, this Inſolence; to come within my Doors after you know what has paſt? Who brought you here?

Don *Ped.* 'Twas I, Sir.

Don *Fel.* But do you know that he ———

Don *Ped.* Sir, he's the beſt of my Friends.

Don *Fel.* But do you know, I ſay, that he wou'd ——

Don *Ped.* Hinder this Marriage, 'tis true.

Don *Fel.* Yes, becauſe he deſign'd ———

Don *Ped.* I know his Deſign, Sir, 'tis to hinder all his Friends from marrying. Pray forgive him.

Don *Fel.* Then to prevent for ever, his Deſigns here, come hither, *Leonora*, and give Don *Pedro* your hand.

Don *John.* Keep down, my kindling Jealouſy: I've ſomething tortures me I never felt but now. [*Aſide.*

Don *Ped.* [*to Leo.*] Why this backwardneſs, Madam? Where a Father chooſes, a Daughter may with Modeſty approve. Pray give me your Hand.

Don *Guz.* I cannot ſee it. [*Turning from 'em.*

Don *Fel.* [*to Leo. aſide.*] Are you diſtracted? Will you let him know your Folly? Give him your Hand, for ſhame.

Leo. Hoh! Don *Guzman,* I am yours.

[*Sighing, and giving careleſly her Hand.*

Don *Guz.* Madam! [*Turning.*

Don *Fel.* What a fatal ſlip! [*Aſide.*

Leo. 'Twas not to you I ſpoke, Sir.

Don *Ped.* But him it was ſhe nam'd, and thought on too, I fear. I'm much alarm'd.

Don *Fel.* [*to Leo.*] Repair what you have done, and look more chearful on him.

Leo. Repair what you have done, and kill me.

Don *Fel.* Fool.

Leo. Tyrant.

Jacin. A very hum-drum Marriage this. [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* Pray, Siſter, let's retire; for I can bear this ſight no longer.

Iſab. My Dear, farewell, I pity you indeed.

Leo. I am indeed an Object of your Pity.

[*Ex. Don* Guz. *and* Iſab.

Don *Fel.* Come Daughter, come my Son, let's to the Church and tie this happy Knot.

Don *Ped.* I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Ex. Don* Fel. *leading* Leo.

Don *John.* I love her, and I'll love her ſtill. Fate, do thy worſt, I'll on. [*Aſide.*

Don *Ped.* To name another Man, in giving me her Hand!

Don *John* [*aſide.*] How am I wrackt and torn with Jealouſy?

Don *Ped.* 'Tis doubtleſs ſo, Don *Guzman* has her Heart. [*Aſide.*

Don

Don *John* [*aſide.*] The Bridegroom's thoughtful. The Lady's Trip has furniſh'd him with ſome Matrimonial Reflexions: They'll agree with him at this time perhaps, better than my Company. I'll leave him. Don *Pedro*, adieu, we ſhall meet again at Night.

Don *Ped.* Pray ſtay: I have need of a Friend's Counſel.

Don *John.* What, already?

Don *Ped.* Already.

Don *John.* That's to ſay, you have already enough of Matrimony.

Don *Ped.* I ſcarce know what I have, nor am I ſure of what I am.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. An't pleaſe your Honour, yonder's your Man *Bertrand* juſt arriv'd; his Horſe and he ſo tired of one another, that they both came down upon the Pavement at the Stable-Door.

Don *Ped.* [*to Don* John.] He brings News from my Father.

Lop. I believe he does, and haſty News too; but if you ſtay till he brings it hither, I believe it will come but ſlowly. But here's his Packet; I ſuppoſe that will do as well as his Company. [*Gives a Letter.*

Don *Ped.* [*reads to himſelf.*] My dear Friend, here's ill News.

Don *John.* What's the matter?

Don *Ped.* My poor old Father's dying.

Don *John.* I'm mighty ſorry for't; 'tis a weighty Stroke I muſt confeſs; the burden of his Eſtate will almoſt bear you down. But we muſt ſubmit to Heaven's Good-will.

Don *Ped.* You talk, *Alvarado*, like a perfect Stranger to that Tenderneſs methinks every Son ſhou'd feel for a good Father: For my part, I've receiv'd ſuch repeated Proofs of an uncommon Affection from mine, that the Loſs of a Miſtreſs cou'd ſcarce touch me nearer. You'll believe me, when you ſee me leave *Leonora* a Virgin, till I have ſeen the good old Man.

Don *John*. That will be a proof indeed; Heaven's Bleſſing muſt needs fall upon ſo dutiful a Son; but I don't know how its Judgments may deal with ſo indifferent a Lover.

Don *Ped*. O! I ſhall have time enoughto repair this ſeeming ſmall Neglect: But before I go, pray a word or two with you alone. *Lopez*, wait without.

[*Exit* Lopez.

You ſee, my deareſt Friend, I am engag'd with *Leonora*; perhaps I have done wrong; but 'tis gone too far, to talk or think of a Retreat; I ſhall go directly from this place to the altar, and there ſeal the eternal Contract. That done, I'll take Poſt to ſee my Father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then here a young and beauteous Bride; but that which touches every ſtring of Thought, I fear, I leave her wiſhing I were *Guzman*. If it be ſo, no doubt he knows it well; and he that knows he's lov'd by *Leonora*, can let no fair occaſion paſs to gain her; my Abſence is his Friend, but you are mine, and ſo the danger's balanc'd.

Into your hands, my dear, my faithful *Alvarada*, [*Embracing him.*] I put my Honour, I put my Life; for both depend on *Leonora*'s Truth. Obſerve her Lover, and ——— neglect not her. You are wiſe, you are active, you are brave and true. You have all the Qualities that Man ſhou'd have for ſuch a Truſt; and I by conſequence have all the Aſſurance Man can have; you'll, as you ought, diſcharge it.

Don *John*. A very hopeful Buſineſs you wou'd have me undertake, keep a Woman honeſt; Udſdeath, I'd as ſoon undertake to keep *Portocarero* honeſt. Look you, we are Friends, intimate Friends; you muſt not be angry if I talk freely. Women are naturally bent to Miſchief, and their Actions run in one continued Torrent till they die. But the leſs a Torrent's checkt, the leſs Miſchief it does; let it alone, perhaps 'twill only kiſs the Banks and paſs; but ſtop it, 'tis inſatiable.

Don

Don *Ped.* I wou'd not ſtop it; but cou'd I gently turn its Courſe where it might run, and vent it ſelf with Innocence, I wou'd. *Leonora* of her ſelf is virtuous; her Birth, Religion, Modeſty and Senſe, will guide her Wiſhes where they ought to point. But yet, let Guards be what they will, that Place is ſafeſt that is ne'er attack'd.

Don *John.* As far as I can ſerve you, in hindring *Guzman*'s Approaches, you may command me.

Don *Ped.* That's all I ask.

Don *John.* Then all you ask is granted.

Don *Ped.* I am at eaſe, farewel.

Don *John.* Heaven bring you ſafe to us again.

[*Exit Don* Ped.

Don *John* ſolus.

Yes, I ſhall obſerve her, doubt it not. I wiſh nobody may obſerve me, for I find I'm no more Maſter of my ſelf. Don *Guzman*'s Paſſion for her, adds to mine; but when I think on what Don *Pedro*'ll reap, I'm Fire and Flame. Something muſt be done: What, let Love direct, for I have nothing elſe to guide me.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. [*aſide.*] Don *Pedro* is mounting for his Journey, and leaves a young, warm, liquoriſh Huſſy with a watry Mouth, behind him —— Hum —— If ſhe falls handſomely in my Maſter's way, let her look to her —— 'ſt —— there he is. Doing what? Thinking? That's new? And if any Good comes on't, that will be newer ſtill.

Don *John.* [*aſide.*] How! Abuſe the Truſt a Friend repoſes in me? And while he thinks me waking for his Peace, employ the ſtretch of Thought to make him wretched?

Lop. Not to interrupt your pious Meditations, Sir, pray have you ſeen —— Seen what, Fool? Why he can't ſee thee. I'gad, I believe the little blind Baſtard has whipt him through the Heart in earneſt.

Don *John.* [*aſide*] *Pedro* wou'd never have done this by me —— How do I know that? —— Why —— he ſwore he was my Friend ———— Well; and I

ſwore I was his —— Why then if I find I can break my Oath, why ſhould not I conclude he would do as much by his?

Lop. [*aſide.*] His Countenance begins to clear up: I ſuppoſe Things may be drawing to a Concluſion.

Don *John.* [*aſide.*] Ay, 'tis juſt ſo: And I don't believe he wou'd have debated the Matter half ſo long as I have done: I'gad I think I have put my ſelf to a great Expence of Morality about it. I'm ſure at leaſt, my Stock's out. But I have a Fund of Love, I hope may laſt a little longer.

O, are you there, Sir! [*Seeing* Lop.

Lop. I think ſo, Sir. I won't be poſitive in any thing.

Don *John.* Follow me; I have ſome Buſineſs to employ you in, you'll like. [*Exit Don* John.

Lop. I won't be poſitive in that neither. I gueſs what you are going about ——— There's Roguery afoot: This is at *Leonora*, who I know hates him; nothing under a Rape will do't —— He'll be hang'd —— And then, what becomes of thee, my little *Lopez?* —— Why, the Honour to a ——— dingle dangle by him. Which he'll have the Good-nature to be mighty ſorry for. But I may chance to be beforehand with him: If we are not taken in the Fact, they'll perhaps do him the Honour to ſet a Reward upon his Head. Which if they do, Don, I ſhall go near to follow your moral Example, ſecure my Pardon, make my Fortune, and hang you up for the Good of your Country.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *Don* Felix's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Felix, *Don* Pedro, Leonora, *and* Jacinta.

Don *Fel.* HOW Son! oblig'd to leave us immediately, ſay you?

Don *Ped.* My ill Fortune, Sir, will have it ſo.

Leo. [*aſide.*] What can this be?

Don *Fel.* Pray what's the matter? You ſurprize me.

Don *Ped.* This Letter, Sir, will inform you.

Don *Fel.* [*Reads.*] *My Dear Son,* Bertrand *has brought me the welcome News of your Return, and has given me your Letter; which has in ſome ſort reviv'd my Spirits in the Extremity I am in. I daily expect my Exit from this World: 'Tis now ſix Years ſince I have ſeen you; I ſhou'd be glad to do it once again before I die: If you will give me that ſatisfaction, you muſt be ſpeedy. Heaven preſerve you.*

[To Don *Ped.*] 'Tis enough: The Occaſion I'm ſorry for, but ſince the Ties of Blood and Gratitude oblige you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewel my Son, may you have a happy Journey, and if it be Heaven's Will, may the ſight of ſo good a Son revive ſo kind a Father. I leave you to bid your Wife adieu. [*Exit Don* Fel.

Don *Ped.* I muſt leave you, my lovely Bride; but 'tis with bitter pangs of Separation. Had I your Heart to chear me on my way, I might with ſuch a Cordial run my Courſe: But that Support you want the power to give me.

Leo. Who tells you ſo?

Don *Ped.* My Eyes and Ears, and all the Pains I bear.

Leo. When Eyes and Ears are much indulg'd, like Favorite Servants they are apt to abuſe the too much Truſt their Maſter places in 'em.

Don *Ped.* If I'm abus'd, aſſiſt me with ſome fair Interpretation of all that preſent Trouble and Diſquiet, which is not in my power to overlook, nor yours to hide.

Leo. You might methinks have ſpar'd my Modeſty; and without forcing me to name your Abſence, have laid my Trouble there.

Don *Ped.* No, no, my fair Deluder, that's a Veil too thin to cover, what's ſo hard to hide; my Preſence not my Abſence is the Cauſe: your cold Reception at my firſt approach, prepar'd me for the Stroke; and 'twas not long before your Mouth confirm'd my Doom: Don *Guzman,* I am yours.

Leo. Is't then poſſible the Mouth ſhou'd utter one Name for another?

Don *Ped.* Not at all, when it follows the Dictates of the Heart.

Leo. Were it even ſo, what wrong is from that Heart receiv'd, where Duty and where Virtue are its Rulers?

Don *Ped.* Where they preſide, our Honour may be ſafe, yet our Minds be on the Rack.

Leo. This Diſcourſe will ſcarce produce a Remedy; we'll end it therefore if you pleaſe, and leave the reſt to time. Beſides, the Occaſion of your Journey preſſes you.

Don *Ped.* The Occaſion of my Delay preſſes you, I fear, much more; you count the tedious Minutes I am with you, and are reduc'd to mind me of my Duty, to free your ſelf from my ſight.

Leo. You urge this thing too far, and do me wrong. The Sentiments I have for you are much more favourable than your Jealouſy ſuffers 'em to appear. But if my Heart has ſeem'd to lean another way, before you had a Title to it, you ought not to conclude I ſhall ſuffer it to do ſo long.

Don *Ped.* I know you have Virtue, Gratitude and Truth; and therefore 'tis, I love you to my Ruin.

Cou'd

Cou'd I believe you falſe, Contempt would ſoon releaſe me from my Chains, which yet I can't but wiſh to wear for ever; therefore indulge at leaſt your Pity to your Slave, 'tis the ſoft Path in which we tread to Love. I leave behind a tortur'd Heart to move you:

Weigh well its Pains, think on its Paſſion too,
Remember all its Torments ſpring from you;
And if you cannot love, at leaſt be true.

[*Exit Don* Pedro.

Jac. Now by my troth, Madam, I'm ready to cry. He's a pretty Fellow, and deſerves better Luck.

Leo. I own he does: And his Behaviour wou'd engage any thing that were unengag'd. But, alas! I want his Pity more than he does mine.

Jac. You do! Now I'm of another mind. The moment he ſees your Picture, he's in love with you; the moment he's in love with you, he imbarks; and, like Lightning, in a moment more he's here: where you are pleas'd to receive him with a Don *Guzman, I am yours.* Ah ——— poor Man!

Leo. I own, *Jacinta,* he's unfortunate, but ſtill I ſay my Fate is harder yet. The irreſiſtible Paſſion I have for *Guzman,* renders Don *Pedro,* with all his Merit, odious to me; yet I muſt in his favour make eternal War, againſt the Strength of Inclination and the Man I love.

Jac. [*aſide.*] Um ——— If I were in her caſe, I cou'd find an Expedient for all this Matter. But ſhe makes ſuch a buſtle with her Virtue, I dare not propoſe it to her.

Leo. Beſides, Don *Pedro* poſſeſſes what he loves, but I muſt never think on poor Don *Guzman* more. [*Weeping.*

Jac. Poor Don *Guzman* indeed! We han't ſaid a word of the pickle he's in yet. Hark! ſomebody knocks ——— at the old Rendezvous. It's he, on my Conſcience.

Leo. Let's be gone; I muſt think of him no more.

Jac. Yes, let's be gone; but let's know whether 'tis he or not firſt.

Leo. No, *Jacinta*; I muſt not ſpeak with him any more. [*Sighing.*] I'm married to another.

Jac.

Jac. Married to another! well, married to another; why, if one were married to twenty others, one may give a civil Gentleman an Anſwer.

Leo. Alas! what wouldſt thou have me ſay to him?

Jac. Say to him! Why, one may find twenty things to ſay to a Man: Say, that 'tis true you are married to another, and that — 'twou'd be a Sin to think of any body but your Husband, and that — you are of a timorous Nature, and afraid of being damn'd? and that a — You wou'd not have him die neither; That a — Folks are mortal, and things ſometimes come ſtrangely about, and a Widow's a Widow, and —

Leo. Peace, Levity. [*Sighing*] But ſee who 'tis knocks.

Jac. Who's there?

Iſa. [*Behind the Scenes.*] 'Tis I, *Iſabella.*

Leo. Iſabella! What do you want, my Dear?

Iſa. Your Succour, for Heaven's ſake, *Leonora.* My Brother will deſtroy himſelf.

Leo. Alas! it is not in my power to ſave him.

Iſa. Permit him but to ſpeak to you, that poſſibly may do.

Leo. Why have not I the force to refuſe him?

Don *Guz.* [*Behind the Scenes.*] Is it you, I hear, my poor loſt Miſtreſs? Am I ſo happy once more to meet you, where I ſo often have been bleſt!

Jac. Courage, Madam, ſay a little ſomething to him.

Don *Guz.* Not one kind word to a diſtracted Lover? No Pity for a Wretch you have made ſo miſerable?

Leo. The only way to end that Miſery, is to forget we ever thought of Happineſs.

Don *Guz.* And is that in your power? Ah, *Leonora*, you ne'er lov'd like me.

Leo. How I have lov'd, to Heaven I appeal! But Heaven does now permit that Love no more.

Don *Guz.* Why does it then permit us Life and Thought? Are we deceiv'd in its Omnipotence? Is it reduc'd to find its Pleaſures in its Creatures Pain?

Leo. In what, or where, the Joys of Heaven conſiſt, lies deeper than a Woman's Line can fathom; but this we know, a Wife muſt in her Husband ſeek for hers, and

and therefore I muſt think of you no more. Farewel.
[*Exit* Leo.

Don *Guz.* Yet hear me, cruel *Leonora.*

Jac. It muſt be another time then, for ſhe's whipt off now. All the Comfort I can give you is, that I ſee ſhe durſt not truſt her ſelf any longer in your Company. But huſh, I hear a Noiſe, get you gone, we ſhall be catch'd.

Leo. [*Within.*] *Jacinta!*

Jac. I come, I come, Madam. [*Exit* Jac.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. If I miſtake not, there are a Brace of Lovers intend to take ſome pains about Madam, in her Husband's Abſence. Poor Don *Pedro!* Well; methinks a Man's in a very merry mood that marries a handſome Wife: When I diſpoſe of my Perſon, it ſhall be to an ugly one. They take it ſo kindly, and are ſo full of Acknowledgment; watch you, wait upon you, nurſe you, humour you, are ſo fond, and ſo chaſte. Or if the Huſſy has Preſumption enough to think of being otherwiſe, away with her into the Mountains fifty Leagues off; nobody oppoſes. If ſhe's mutinous, give her Diſcipline; every body approves on't. Hang her, ſays one, he's kinder than ſhe deſerves; Damn her, ſays another, why does not he ſtarve her? But if ſhe's handſome, Ah the Brute, cries one; Ah the *Turk*, cries t'other: Why don't ſhe cuckold him, ſays this Fellow? Why does not ſhe poiſon him, ſays that? and away comes a Pacquet of Epiſtles to adviſe her to't. Ah poor Don *Pedro!* But enough: 'Tis now Night, all's huſh and ſtill: every body's a-bed, and what am I to do? Why, as other truſty Domeſticks, ſit up to let the Thief in. But I ſuppoſe he won't be here yet; with the help of a ſmall Nap beforehand, I ſhall be in a better Condition to perform the duty of a Centinel when I go to my Poſt. This Corner will juſt fit me: Come *Lopez*, lie thee down, ſhort Prayers, and to ſleep. [*He lies down.*

Enter Jacinta, *with a Candle in her Hand.*

Jac. So, I have put my poor Lady to bed with nothing but Sobs, Tears, Sighs, Wiſhes, and a Pillow to mumble, inſtead

inſtead of a Bridegroom, poor Heart. I pity her; but every Body has their Afflictions, and by the Beads of my Grandmother, I have mine.

Tell me, kind Gentlemen, if I have not ſomething to excite you? Methinks I have a roguiſh Eye, I'm ſure I have a mettled Heart. I'm ſoft and warm, and ſound, may it pleaſe ye.

Whence comes it then, this Raſcal *Lopez*, who now has been two Hours in the Family, has not yet thought it worth his while to make one Motion towards me? Not that the Blockhead's Charms have mov'd me, but I'm angry mine han't been able to move him. I doubt I muſt begin with the Lubber; my Reputation's at ſtake upon't, and I muſt rouze the Drone ſomehow.

Lopez, *rubbing his Eyes, and coming on.*

Lop. What a damn'd Condition is that of a Valet? No ſooner do I, in comfortable Slumber, cloſe my Eyes, but methinks my Maſter's upon me, with fifty Slaps o'th' Back, for making him wait in the Street. I have his Orders to let him in here to-night, and ſo I had e'en — Who's that? — *Jacinta!* — Yes. — a Catterwauling! — like enough.

Jac. The Fellow's there; I had beſt not loſe the Occaſion. [*Aſide.*

Lop The Slut's handſome, I begin to kindle: But if my Maſter ſhou'd be at the Door — Why there let him be, till the Matter's over? [*Aſide.*

Jac. Shall I advance? [*Aſide.*

Lop. Shall I venture? [*Aſide.*

Jac. How ſevere a Look he has. [*Aſide.*

Lop. She ſeems very reſerv'd. [*Aſide.*

Jac. If he ſhou'd put the Negative upon me. [*Aſide.*

Lop. She ſeems a Woman of great Diſcretion; I tremble. [*Aſide.*

Jac. Hang it, I muſt venture. [*Aſide.*

Lop. Faint Heart never won fair Lady. [*Aſide.*

Jac. Lopez?

Lop. Jacinta!

Jac. O dear heart! Is't you?

Lop. Charming *Jacinta*, fear me not.

Jac.

Jac. O ho! he begins to talk ſoft —— then let us take upon us again. [*Aſide.*

Lop. Cruel *Jacinta*, whoſe Mouth (ſmall as it is) has made but one Morſel of my Heart.

Jac. It's well he prevents me. I was going to leap about the Raſcal's Neck. [*Aſide.*

Lop. Barbare *Jacinta*, caſt your Eyes
On your poor *Lopez*, ere he dies.

Jac. Poetry too! Nay then I have done his Buſineſs. [*Aſide.*

Lop. Feel how I burn with hot Deſire,
Ah! pity me, and quench my Fire;
Deaf, my fair Tyrant, deaf to my Woes,
Nay then, Barbarian, in it goes. [*drawing a Knife.*

Jac. Why how now, Jack-Sauce? why how now, Preſumption? What Encouragement have I given you, Jack-a-lent, to attack me with your Tenders? I cou'd tear your Eyes out, Sirrah, for thinking I am ſuch a one. What Indecency have you ſeen in my Behaviour, Impudence, that you ſhou'd think me for your beaſtly Turn, you Goat you?

Lop. Patience, my much offended Goddeſs, 'tis honourably I wou'd ſhare your Bed.

Jac. Peace, I ſay —— Mr. *Liquoriſh*. I, for whom the moſt ſucceſsful Cavaliers imploy their Sighs in vain, ſhall I look down upon a crawling Worm? Pha —— See that crop Ear there, that Vermin, that wants to eat at a Table would ſet his Maſter's mouth a watering.

Lop. May I preſume to make an humble Meal upon what ſavoury Remnants he may leave?

Jac. No.

Lop. 'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!

Jac. Leave me.

Lop. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful!

Jac. Be gone, I ſay.
Thus Ladies 'tis, perhaps ſometimes with you;
With Scorn you fly the thing which you purſue.
[*Exit* Jac.

Lop. [*Solus.*] 'Tis very well, Mrs. Flipflap, 'tis very well; but do you hear —— Tawdery, you are not ſo alluring

luring as you think you are —— Comb-bruſh, nor I ſo much in love —— your Maidenhead may chance to grow mouldy with your Airs —— the Pox be your Bed-fellow, there's that for you. Come, let's think no more on't, Sailors muſt meet with Storms; my Maſter's going to Sea too. He may chance to fare no better with the Lady, than I have done with her *Abigail*: There may be foul Weather there too. I reckon at preſent he may be lying by under a Mizen at the Street-Door, I think it rains too for his Comfort. What if I ſhou'd leave him there an hour or two in freſco, and try to work off the Amour that way? No; People will be phyſick'd their own way. But perhaps I might ſave his Life by't, —— yes, and have my Bones broke for being ſo officious; therefore if you are at the Door, Don *John*, walk in, and take your Fortune. [*Opens the Door.*

Enter Don John.

Don *John*. Hiſt! hiſt!

Lop. Hiſt! hiſt!

Don *John*. *Lopez!*

Lop. [*Aſide.*] The Devil ——— Tread ſoftly.

Don *John*. Are they all aſleep?

Lop. Dead.

Don *John*. Enough, ſhut the Door.

Lop. 'Tis done.

Don *John*. Now be gone.

Lopez. What! Shut the Door firſt, and then be gone? Now, methinks, I might as well have gone firſt, and then ſhut the Door.

Don *John*. I bid you be gone, you Dog you, do you find the way.

Lop. [*Aſide.*] Stark mad, and always ſo when a Woman's in chaſe. But, Sir, will you keep your chief Miniſter out of the Secrets of your State? Pray let me know what this Night's Work is to be.

Don *John*. No Queſtions, but march.

[Lop. *goes to the Door, and returns.*

Lop. Very well ———

But, Sir, ſhall I ſtay for you in the Street?

Don *John*. No, nor ſtir out of the Houſe.

Lop.

Lop. So: Well, Sir, I'll do juſt as you have order'd me; I'll be gone, and I'll ſtay; and I'll march, and I won't ſtir, and ——— juſt as you ſay, Sir.

Don *John.* I ſee you are afraid, you Raſcal you.

Lop. Paſſably.

Don *John.* Well, be it ſo; but you ſhan't leave the Houſe, Sir; therefore be gone to your Hog-ſtye, and wait further Orders.

Lop. [*Aſide.*] But firſt I'll know how you intend to diſpoſe of yourſelf. [Lop. *hides behind the Door.*

Don John *ſolus.*

Don *John.* All's huſh and ſtill; and I am at the point of being a happy ——— Villain. That Thought comes uninvited —— Then like an uninvited Gueſt let it be treated: Be gone, Intruder. *Leonora*'s Charms turn Vice to Virtue, Treaſon into Truth; Nature, who has made her the ſupreme Object of our Deſires, muſt needs have deſign'd her the Regulator of our Morals. Whatever points at her, is pointed right. We are all her Due, Mankind's the Dower which Heaven has ſettled on her; and he's the Villain that wou'd rob her of her Tribute. I therefore, as in Duty bound, will in, and pay her mine.

Lop. [*Aſide.*] There he goes, i'faith; he ſeem'd as if he had a Qualm juſt now; but he never goes without a Dram of Conſcience Water about him, to ſet Matters right again.

Don *John.* [*Aſide*] This is her Door, 'tis lock'd; but I have a Smith about me will make her Staple fly.

[*Pulls out ſome Irons, and forces the Lock.*

Lop. [*Aſide.*] Hark! hark! if he is not equipt for a Houſebreaker too. Very well, he has provided two Strings to his Bow; if he 'ſcapes the Rape, he may be hang'd upon the Burglary.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] There 'tis done, So: No Watch-Light burning. [*Peeping into her Chamber.*] All in darkneſs? ſo much the better, 'twill ſave a great deal of Bluſhing on both ſides. Methinks I feel my ſelf mighty modeſt, I tremble too; that's not proper at this time. Be firm, my Courage, I have Buſineſs for thee ———

So

So —— How am I now? —— pretty well. Then by your leave, Don *Pedro*, I muſt ſupply your Neglect. You ſhould not have married till you were ready for Conſummation; a Maidenhead ought no more to lie upon a handſome Bride, than an Impeachment upon an innocent Miniſter.

[*Don* John *enters the Chamber.*

Lop. [*Coming forwards.*] Well done, well done; God-a-mercy, my little *Judas*. Unfortunate Don *Pedro!* thou haſt left thy Purſe in the hands of a Robber; and while thou art galloping to pay the laſt Duty to thy Father, he's at leaſt upon the Trot to pay the firſt to thy Wife. Ah the Traitor! What a Capilotade of Damnation will there be cook'd up for him. But ſoftly: Let's lay our Ear to the Door, and pick up ſome Curioſities —— I hear no Noiſe —— There's no Light; we ſhall have him blunder where he ſhou'd not do, by and by. —— Commit a Rape upon her Tea-Table perhaps, break all her China, and then ſhe'll be ſure to hang him. But hark —— now I hear —— nothing; ſhe does not ſay a word; ſhe ſleeps curiouſly. —— How if ſhe ſhou'd take it all for a Dream now? Or her Virtue ſhou'd be fallen into an Apoplexy? Where the Pox will all this end?

Leo. [*Within.*] *Jacinta! Beatrix! Fernandes!* Murder! Murder! help! help! help!

Lop. Now the Play begins, it opens finely.

Leo. [*Within*] Father! *Alphonſo!* Save me! O ſave me!

Lop. Comedy or Tragedy for a Ducate? for fear of the latter, decamp *Lopez*. [*Exit* Lopez.

SCENE *changes to* Leonora's *Bed-Chamber, diſcovers* Leonora *in a Gown, holding Don* John *by the Sleeve.*

Leo. Whoever you are, Villain, you ſhan't eſcape me; and tho' your Efforts have been in vain, you ſhan't fail to

to receive the Recompence of your Attempt: Help, ho, help there! help!

[*Don* John *breaks from her, but can't find the Door.*

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] 'Sdeath, I ſhall be undone! where is this damn'd Door?

Leo. He'll get away: a Light there, quickly.

Enter Don Guzman *with his Sword drawn.*

Don *Guz.* Where are you, fair Angel? I come to loſe my Life in your Defence.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] That's *Guzman*'s Voice? the Devil has ſent him: But we are ſtill in the dark; I have one Tour yet, Impudence be my Aid. Lights there, ho! Where is the Villain that durſt attempt the virtuous *Leonora?*

Don *Guz.* His Life ſhall make her Satisfaction.

Don *John.* Or mine ſhall fall in his Purſuit.

Don *Guz.* 'Tis by my hands that ſhe ſhall ſee him die.

Don *John.* My Sword ſhall lay him bleeding at her Feet.

Leo. [*Aſide.*] What can this mean? But here's Lights at laſt, thank the juſt bounteous Heaven.

Don *John.* Enter with the Light there; but ſecure the Door, leſt the Traitor 'ſcape my Vengeance.

Enter Don Pedro *with a Light, he finds* Leonora *between them; both their Swords drawn.*

Leo. O Heavens! what is't I ſee?

Don *John.* Don *Pedro* here?

Don *Ped.* What monſtrous Scene is this? [*Aſide.*

Don *Guz.* What Accident has brought him here? [*Aſide.*

Don *John.* Now I'm intrigu'd indeed. [*Aſide.*

[*Don* Pedro *ſteps back and ſhuts the Door.*

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] This Myſtery muſt unfold before we part. What Torments has my Fate provided me? Is this the Comfort I'm to reap, to dry my Tears for my poor Father's Death? [*To* Leo.] Ah *Leonora!*

Leo. [*Aſide.*] Alas! where will this end!

[*Falling into a Chair.*

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] Naked: and thus attended at the dead of Night, my Soul is froze at what I ſee. Confuſion

ſion ſits in all their Faces, and in large Characters read the Ruin of my Honour and my Love.

[*To the Men*] Speak, Statues, if you yet have power to ſpeak, why at this time of Night you are found with *Leonora!* —— None ſpeak! —— Don *John*, it is from you I ought to know.

Don *John*. My Silence may inform you.

Don *Ped*. Your Silence does inform me of my Shame, but I muſt have ſome Information more; explain the whole.

Don *John*. I ſhall. You remember, Don *Pedro* —

Don *Ped*. Be quick.

Don *John*. You remember you charged me before you went ——.

Don *Ped*. I remember well, go on.

Don *John*. With the Care of your Honour.

Don *Ped*. I did; diſpatch.

Don *John*. Very well; you ſee Don *Guzman* in this Apartment, you ſee your Wife naked, and you ſee me, my Sword in my hand; that's all.

Don *Ped*. [*Drawing upon Don* Guz.] 'Tis here then I am to revenge my Wrongs.

Don *Guz*. Hold.

Don *Ped*. Villain, defend thy ſelf.

Leo. O Heaven!

Don *Guz*. Yet hear me.

Don *Ped*. What can'ſt thou ſay?

Don *Guz*. The Truth, as holy Heaven it ſelf is Truth. I heard the Shrieks and Cries of *Leonora*; what the Occaſion was I knew not, but ſhe repeated them with ſo much Vehemence, I found, whatever her Diſtreſs might be, her Succour muſt be ſudden; ſo leapt the Wall that parts our Houſes, and flew to her Aſſiſtance. Don *John* can, if he pleaſe, inform you more.

Don *Ped*. [*Aſide*.] Mankind's a Villain, and this may be true; yet 'tis too monſtrous for a quick Conception. I ſhou'd be cautious how I wrong Don *John*. Sure 'tis not right to balance. I yet have but their Words againſt their Words; I know Don *John* for my Friend, and

Guzman

Guzman for my Rival. What can be clearer? Yet hold: If *Leonora*'s innocent, ſhe may untangle all.

Madam, I ſhou'd be glad to know (if I have ſo much Intereſt left) which way your Evidence will point my Sword?

Leo. My Lord, I'm in the ſame perplexity with you: All I can ſay is this; one of them came to force me, t'other to ſave me: but the Night confounding the Villany of the Guilty with the Generoſity of the Innocent, I ſtill am ignorant to which I owe my Gratitude or my Reſentment.

Don *Guz.* But, Madam, did you not hear me cry I came to help you?

Leo. I own it.

Don *John.* And did you not hear me threaten to deſtroy the Author of your Fears?

Leo. I can't deny it.

Don *Guz.* What can there be more to clear me?

Don *John.* Or me?

Don *Ped.* Yet one's a Villain ſtill.

[*Aſide.*] My Confuſion but increaſes: yet why confus'd? It is, it muſt be *Guzman*. But how came Don *John* here? Right. *Guzman* has ſaid how he came to her Aid, but *Alvarada* cou'd not enter but by Treaſon. Then periſh ——

Don *Guz.* Who?

Don *John.* Who?

Don *Ped.* Juſt Gods! inſtruct me who.

Don Felix *knocks.*

Don *Fel.* [*Within.*] Let me in, open the Door.

Leo. 'Tis my Father.

Don *Ped.* No matter, keep the Door faſt.

[*Aſide.*] I'll have this matter go no further, till I can reach the depth on't. Don *Guzman*, leave the Houſe; I muſt ſuſpend my Vengeance for a time.

Don *Guz.* I obey you; but I'll loſe my Life, or ſhew my Innocence. [*Exit Don* Guz.

Don *Fel.* [*Within.*] Open the Door, why am I kept out?

Don

Don *Ped.* Don *John*, follow me by this back way: And you, *Leonora*, retire. [*Exit* Leonora.

Don *John.* [*Aſide, following Don* Ped.] If Don *Guzman*'s Throat were cut, wou'd not this Buſtle end? —— Yes —— Why then if his Throat be not cut, m a this Buſtle end me.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Don* Guzman's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Guzman, *and* Galindo.

Don *Guz.* [*Muſing.*] *Galindo!*

Gal. Sir.

Don *Guz.* Try if you can ſee *Jacinta*, let her privately know I wou'd fain ſpeak with her.

Gal. It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit* Gal.

Don Guzman *ſolus.*

Sure Villany and Impudence were never on the ſtretch before! This Traitor has wreckt them till they crack. To what a Plunge the Villain's Tour has brought me. *Pedro*'s Reſentment muſt at laſt be pointed here: But that's a Trifle, had he not ruin'd me with *Leonora*, I eaſily had paſs'd him by the reſt. —— What's to be done? Which way ſhall I convince her of my Innocence? The Blood of him, who has dar'd declare me guilty, may ſatisfy my Vengeance, but not aid my Love. No, I'm loſt with her for ever ——

Enter Jacinta.

Speak; is't not ſo, *Jacinta?* Am I not ruin'd with the virtuous *Leonora?*

Jac. One of you, I ſuppoſe, is.

Don *Guz.* Which doſt thou think?

Jac. Why he that came to ſpoil all, who ſhou'd it be?

Don

Don *Guz.* Pr'ythee be ſerious with me if thou can'ſt for one ſmall Moment, and adviſe me which way I ſhall take to convince her of my Innocence, That it was I that came to do her Service?

Jacin. Why you both came to do her Service, did not you?

Don *Guz.* Still trifling?

Jacin. No by my Troth, not I.

Don *Guz.* Then turn thy Thoughts to eaſe me in my Torment, and be my faithful Witneſs to her, That Heaven and Hell and all their Wrath I imprecate, if ever once I knew one fleeting Thought, that durſt propoſe to me ſo impious an Attempt. No, *Jacinta,* I love her well; but love with that humility, whatever Miſery I feel, my Torture ne'er ſhall urge me on to ſeize, more than her Bounty gives me leave to take.

Jacin. And the Murrain take ſuch a Lover, and his Humility both, ſay I. Why ſure, Sir, you are not in earneſt in this Story, are you?

Don *Guz.* Why doſt thou queſtion it?

Jacin. Becauſe I really and ſeriouſly thought you innocent.

Don *Guz.* Innocent! What doſt thou mean?

Jacin. Mean! Why what ſhou'd I mean? I mean that I concluded you lov'd my Lady to that degree, you cou'd not live without her: And that the thought of her being given up to another, made your Paſſion flame out like Mount *Etna:* That upon this your love got the Bridle in his Teeth, and ran away with you into her Chamber, where that impertinent Spy upon her and you, Don *John,* follow'd, and prevented farther proofs of your Affection.

Don *Guz.* Why ſure——

Jacin. Why ſure, thus I thought it was, and thus ſhe thinks it is. If you have a mind in the depth of your Diſcretion to convince her of your Innocence—May your Innocence be your Reward: I'm ſure were I in her place, you ſhou'd never have any other from me.

Don *Guz.* Was there then no Merit, in flying to her Aſſiſtance when I heard her Cries.

Jacin.

Jacin. As much as the Conſtable and the Watch might have pretended to, ſomething to drink.

Don *Guz.* This is all Rallery, 'tis impoſſible ſhe can be pleas'd with ſuch an Attempt.

Jacin. 'Tis impoſſible ſhe can be pleas'd with being reduc'd to make the Attempt upon you.

Don *Guz.* But was this a proper way to ſave her Bluſhes?

Jacin. 'Twas in the dark, that's one way.

Don *Guz.* But it muſt look like downright Violation.

Jacin. If it did not feel like it, what did that ſignify? Come, Sir, Waggery apart: You know I'm your Servant, I have given you proofs on't. Therefore don't diſtruſt me now if I tell you, this Quarrel may be made up with the Wife, tho' perhaps not with the Husband. In ſhort, ſhe thinks you were firſt in her Chamber, and has not the worſe Opinion of you for it; ſhe makes allowance for your Sufferings, and has ſtill Love enough for you, not to be diſpleas'd with the utmoſt Proofs you can give, that you have ſtill a warm remain for her.

Don *Guz.* If this be true, and that ſhe thought 'twas me, why did ſhe cry out to expoſe me?

Jacin. Becauſe at that time ſhe did not think 'twas you. Will that content you? And now ſhe does think 'twas you, your Buſineſs is to let her think ſo on; for in a word, I can ſee ſhe's concern'd at the Danger ſhe has brought you into, and I believe wou'd be heartily glad to ſee you well out on't.

Don *Guz.* ——'Tis Impoſſible ſhe can forgive me.

Jacin. Oons —— Now Heaven forgive me, for I had a great Oath upon the very tip of my Tongue; you'd make one mad with your Impoſſibles, and your Innocence, and your Humilities. 'Sdeath Sir, d'you think a Woman makes no diſtinction between the Aſſaults of a Man ſhe likes and one ſhe don't? My Lady hates Don *John,* and if ſhe thought 'twas he had done this Job, ſhe'd hang him for't in her own Garters; ſhe likes you, and if you ſhou'd do ſuch another, you might ſtill die in your Bed like a Biſhop for her.

Don *Guz.* Well, I'll diſpute no farther. I put my ſelf into thy hands. What am I to do next?

Jacin.

Jacin. Why, do as ſhe bids you; be in the way at the old Rendezvous, ſhe'll take the firſt Occaſion ſhe can to ſpeak to you; and when you meet, do as I bid you, and inſtead of your Innocent and Humble, be Guilty and Reſolute. Your Miſtreſs is now marry'd, Sir, conſider that. She has chang'd her Situation, and ſo muſt you your Battery. Attack a Maid gently, a Wife warmly, and be as rugged with a Widow as you can. Good buy t'ye, Sir. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCENE, *Don* Felix's *Houſe.*

Enter Don Pedro *ſolus.*

In what diſtraction have I paſt this Night? Sure I ſhall never cloſe my Eyes again. No Rack can equal what I feel. Wounded in both my Honour and my Love; they have pierc'd me in two tender parts. Yet cou'd I take my juſt Revenge, it wou'd in ſome degree aſſuage my Smart. O guide me Heaven to that Cordial-drop ——— Hold! A Glance of Light I think begins to ——— Yes ——— Right. When yeſterday I brought Don *John* hither, was not Don *Felix* much diſturb'd? ——He was; and why? ——— That may be worth enquiring. But ſomething more occurs. At my arrival in this City, was I not told two Cavaliers were warm in the purſuit of *Leonora*? One I remember well they nam'd; 'twas *Guzman*; The other, I am yet a ſtranger to. I fear I ſhall not be ſo long— 'Tis *Alvarada*; O the Traitor! yet I may wrong him much. I have *Guzman's* own Confeſſion that he paſt the Wall to come to *Leonora*— ——O, but 'twas to her Aſſiſtance——— And ſo it might, and he a Villain ſtill. There are Aſſiſtances of various ſorts ——What were her Wants? ——— That's dark ——— But whatſo-e'er they were, he came to her Aſſiſtance. Death be his Portion for his ready Service.

Enter Don Felix.

Don *Fel.* You avoid me, Don *Pedro*; 'tis not well. Am I not your Father, have you not reaſon to believe I am your Friend?

Don *Ped.* I have.

Don Fel. Why do you not then treat me like a Father and a Friend? The Myſtery you make to me of laſt Night's diſturbance, I take unkindly from you. Come tell me your Grief, that if I can I may aſſuage it.

Don *Ped.* Nothing but Vengeance can give me eaſe.

Don *Fel.* If I deſire to know your Wrongs, 'tis to aſſiſt you in revenging 'em.

Don *Ped.* Know then, that laſt Night in this Apartment I found Don *Guzman* and Don *John*.

Don *Fel.* *Guzman* and *Alvarada*?

Don *Ped.* Yes; and *Leonora* almoſt naked between them, crying out for Aid.

Don *Fel.* Were they both guilty?

Don *Ped.* One was come to force her, t'other to reſcue her.

Don *Fel.* Which was the Criminal?

Don *Ped.* Of that I yet am ignorant. They accuſe each other.

Don *Fel.* Can't your Wife determine it?

Don *Ped.* The Darkneſs of the Night put it out of her power.

Don *Fel.* But I perhaps may bring ſome Light to aid you. I have part in the Affront: And tho' my Arm's too old and weak to ſerve you, my Counſel may be uſeful to your Vengeance. Know then, that Don *Guzman* has a long time purſu'd my Daughter; and I as reſolutely refus'd his Suit: Which however has not hindred him from ſearching all Occaſions to ſee and ſpeak to her.

Don *John*, on his ſide——

Don *Ped.* Don *John*'s my Friend, and I am confident——

Don *Fel.* That Confidence deſtroys you. Hear my Charge, and be your ſelf his Judge. He too has been a preſſing Suitor to my Daughter.

Don *Ped.* Impoſſible.

Don *Fel.* To me my ſelf, he has own'd his Love to her.

Don

Don *Ped.* Good Gods! Yet ſtill this leaves the Myſtery where it was; this Charge is equal.

Don *Fel.* 'Tis true; but yonder's one (if you can make her ſpeak) I have Reaſon to believe can tell us more. Ho, *Jacinta!*

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. Do you call me, Sir?

Don *Fel.* Yes; Don *Pedro* wou'd ſpeak with you. [*To Don* Pedro *aſide.*] I'll leave you with her; preſs her both by Threats and Promiſes, and if you find your Wife in fault, old as I am, her Father too, I'll raiſe my Arm to plunge this Wagger in her Breaſt; and by that Fermety convince the World, my Honour's dearer to me than my Child. [*Exit Don* Fel.

Don *Ped.* [*aſide.*] Heaven grant me power to ſtifle my Rage, till 'tis time to let Vengeance fly.

Jacinta, come near: I have ſome Buſineſs with you.

Jacin. [*aſide.*] His Buſineſs with me at this time can be good for nothing, I doubt.

[*Jacin.* to Don *Ped.*] What Commands have you, Sir, for me? for I'm not very well.

Don *Ped.* What's your diſorder?

Jacin. A little ſort of a ſomething towards an Ague, I think.

Don *Ped.* You don't ſeem ſo ill, but you may tell me——

Jacin. O, I can tell you nothing, Sir, I aſſure you.

Don *Ped.* You anſwer me before you hear my Queſtion. That looks as if you knew——

Jacin. I know that what you are a going to ask me, is a Secret I'm out at.

Don *Ped.* [*offering her a Purſe.*] Then this ſhall let thee into it.

Jacin. I know nothing of the matter.

Don *Ped.* Come, tell me all, and take thy Reward.

Jacin. I know nothing of the matter, I ſay.

Don *Ped.* [*drawing his Sword.*] Speak; or by all the Flame and Fire of Hell Eternal——

Jacin. O Lard, O Lard, O Lard!

Don *Ped.* Speak; or th'art dead.

Jacin. But if I do ſpeak, ſhan't I be dead for all that?

Don *Ped.* Speak, and thou art ſafe.

Jacin. Well——O Lard—— I'm ſo frighted——— But if I muſt ſpeak then—— O dear heart—— give me the Purſe.

Don *Ped.* There.

Jacin. Why truly, between a Purſe in one's hand—— and ———a Sword in one's Guts, I think there's little room left for debate.

Don *Ped.* Come, begin, I'm impatient.

Jacin. Begin! let me ſee; where ſhall I begin? at Don *Guzman*, I think.

Don *Ped.* What of him?

Jacin. Why he has been in love with my Lady theſe ſix Years.

Don *Ped.* I know it; but how has ſhe receiv'd him?

Jacin. Receiv'd him! Why—— as young Maids uſe to receive handſome Fellows; at firſt ill, afterwards better.

Don *Ped.* [*aſide.*] Furies! Did they ever meet?

Jacin. A little.

Don *Ped.* By Day or Night?

Jacin. Both.

Don *Ped.* Diſtraction! Where was their Rendezvous?

Jacin. Where they cou'd not do one another much good.

Don *Ped.* As how?

Jacin. As through a Hole in a Wall.

Don *Ped.* The Strumpet banters me: Be ſerious, Inſolence, or I ſhall ſpoil your Gaiety; I'm not diſpos'd to Mirth.

Jacin. Why I am ſerious, if you like my Story the better for't.

Don *Ped.* [*aſide.*] How miſerable a Wretch am I!

Jacin. I tell you there's a Wall parts their two Houſes, and in that Wall there's a Hole. How the Wall came

came by the Hole, I cant tell; mayhap by chance, mayhap by no chance; but there 'tis, and there they uſe to prattle.

Don *Ped.* And this is Truth?

Jacin. I can't bate you a word on't, Sir.

Don *Ped.* When did they meet there laſt?

Jacin. Yeſterday; I ſuppoſe 'twas only to bid one another adieu.

Don *Ped.* Ah *Jacinta*, thou has pierc'd my Soul.

Jacin. [*aſide.*] And yet I han't told you half I cou'd tell you, my Don.

Don *Ped.* Where is the Place you ſpeak of?

Jacin. There 'tis, if you are curious.

Don *Ped.* When they wou'd ſpeak with one another, what's the Call?

Jacin. Tinkle, Tinkle.

Don *Ped.* A Bell?

Jacin. It is.

Don *Ped.* Ring.

Jacin. What do you mean, Sir?

Don *Ped.* [*haſtily.*] Ring.

Jacin. 'Tis done.

Don *Ped.* [*aſide.*] I'll make uſe of her to examine him.
Does he come?

Jacin. Not yet.

Don *Ped.* Pull again.

Jacin. You muſt give him time, Sir: My Lady always does ſo.

Don *Ped.* I hear ſomething.

Jacin. 'Tis he.

Don *Guz.* [*within.*] Who's there?

Don *Ped.* [*ſoftly.*] Say you are *Leonora.*

[*Dumb ſhow of her unwillingneſs, and his threatning.*]

Jacin. [*ſoftly.*] 'Tis *Leonora.*

Don *Guz.* What are your Commands, Madam? Is it poſſible ſo unfortunate a Wretch as I can be capable of ſerving you?

[*Don* Ped. *whiſpers* Jacinta, *who ſeems backward to ſpeak.*]

Jacin. I come to ask you, how you cou'd ſo far forget that infinite Regard you have profeſs'd, to make an Attempt ſo dangerous both to your ſelf and me; and which, with all the Eſteem and Love I have ever borne you, you ſcarce cou'd hope I ever ſhou'd forgive you.

Don *Guz.* Alas! my Hopes and Fears were vaniſh'd too. My Counſel, was my Love and my Deſpair. If they advis'd me wrong, of them complain, for it was you who made 'em my Directors.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] The Villain owns the Fact. It ſeems he thinks he has not much to fear, from her Reſentment. O Torture!

Enter Leonora.

Jacin. [*Aſide.*] So, She's here; that's as I expected: now we are blown up.

Leo. [*aſide, not ſeeing them.*] If I don't miſtake, I heard Don *Guzman*'s Call. I can't refuſe to anſwer it; forgive me, Gods, and let my Woman's Weakneſs plead my Cauſe ——— How! My Husband here! Nay then——

Don *Ped.* You ſeem diſorder'd, Madam; pray what may be the Cauſe?

Leo. [*confus'd.*] I don't know really; I'm not——— I don't know that———

Don *Ped.* You did not know that I was here, I gueſs.

Leo. Yes I did, and——— came to ſpeak with you.

Don *Ped.* I'm not at preſent in a talking Humour, but if your Tongue is ſet to Converſation, there's one behind the Wall will entertain you.

Don *Guz.* But is it poſſible, fair *Leonora*, that you can pardon my Attempt?

Don Ped. [*to* Leo.] You hear him, Madam; he dares own it to you.

Leo. [*aſide*] *Jacinta* winks; I gueſs what Scene they have been acting here. My Part is now to play.

[*To Don* Ped.] I ſee, Sir, he dares own it: Nor is he the firſt Lover has preſum'd beyond the Countenance he ever has receiv'd. Pray draw near, and hear what he has more to ſay: It is my Intereſt you ſhou'd know the Depth of all has ever paſt between us.

Leo,

Leo. [*to Don Guz.*] I fain wou'd know, Don *Guzman*, whether in the whole Conduct of my Life, you have known one ſtep, that cou'd encourage you to hope I ever cou'd be yours, but on the terms of Honour which you ſought me?

Don *Guz.* Not one.

Leo. Why then ſhou'd you believe I cou'd forgive the taking that by force, which you already were convinc'd I valu'd more the keeping, than my Life?

Don *Guz.* Had my Love been as temperate as yours, I with your Reaſon had perhaps debated. But not in Reaſon, but in Flames, I flew to *Leonora*.

Leo. If ſtrong Temptation be allow'd a Plea, Vice, in the worſt of ſhapes, has much to urge: No, cou'd any thing have ſhaken me in Virtue, it muſt have been the ſtrength of it in you. Had you ſhone bright enough to dazzle me, I blindly might have miſt the Path I meant to tread: But now you have clear'd my ſight for ever. If therefore from this moment more, you dare to let me know one Thought of Love, tho' in the humbleſt Stile, expect to be a Sacrifice to him you attempt to wrong. Farewel. [*She retires from him.*

Don *Guz.* O ſtay and hear me. I have wrong'd my ſelf, I'm innocent; by all that's Sacred, Juſt and Good, I'm innocent.

Don *Ped.* [*aſide.*] What does he mean?

Don. *Guz.* I have own'd a Fact I am not guilty of; *Jacinta* can inform you, ſhe knows I never ——

Jacin. I know! The Man's mad; Pray be gone, Sir, my Lady will hear no more. I'll ſhut him out, Madam, ſhan't I? [*She ſhuts the Hole.*

Leo. I have no farther Buſineſs with him.

Enter Iſabella *haſtily.*

Iſab. O Heavens, *Leonora*, where are you? Don *Pedro*, you can aſſiſt me better.

Leo. What's the matter?

Don *Ped.* What is it, Madam, I can ſerve you in?

Iſab. In what the Peace of my whole Life conſiſts, the Safety of my Brother; Don *John*'s Servant has this moment left me a Letter for him, which I have open'd,

knowing there is an Animoſity of ſome time between 'em.

Don *Ped.* Well, Madam!

Iſab. O dear, it is a Challenge, and what to do I know not; if I ſhew it my Brother, he'll immediately fly to the place appointed: and if I don't, he'll be accus'd of Cowardice. One way I riſque his Life, 't'other I ruin his Honour.

Don *Ped.* What wou'd you have me do, Madam?

Iſab. I'll tell you, Sir: I only beg you'll go to the place where Don *John* expects him; tell him I have intercepted his Letter, and make him promiſe you he'll ſend no more: By this generous Charity you may hinder two Men (whoſe Picques are on a frivolous occaſion) from murdering one another; and by this good Office, you'll repay the ſmall Debt you owe my Brother, for flying laſt Night to *Leonora*'s Succour; and doubly pay the Obligation you have to me upon the ſame occaſion.

Don *Ped.* What Obligation, Madam? I am ignorant; pray inform me.

Iſab. 'Twas I, Sir, that firſt heard *Leonora*'s Cries, and rais'd my Brother to her Aid. Pray let me receive the ſame aſſiſtance from your Prudence, which you have had from my Care, and my Brother's Generoſity. But pray loſe no time. Don *John* is perhaps already on the ſpot, and not meeting my Brother, may ſend a ſecond Meſſage, which may be fatal.

Don *Ped.* Madam, be at reſt; you ſhall be ſatisfy'd, I'll go this moment. I'll only ask you firſt whether you are ſure you heard my Wife call out for Succour, before your Brother paſt the Wall?

Iſab. I did; why do you ask that Queſtion?

Don *Ped.* I have a reaſon, you may be ſure. [*Aſide.*] Juſt Heaven I adore thee, the Truth at laſt ſhines clear, and by that Villain *Alvarada* I'm betray'd. But enough, I'll make uſe of this Occaſion for my Vengeance. [*To* Iſab.] Where, Madam, is it, Don *John* is waiting?

Iſab. But here, in a ſmall Field behind the Garden.

Don

Don *Ped.* [*aſide.*] His Blood ſhall do me Reaſon for his Treachery.

Iſab. Will you go there directly?

Don *Ped.* I will. Be ſatisfy'd. [*Ex. Don* Ped.

Leo. You weep, *Iſabella.*

Iſab. You ſee my trouble for a Brother, for whom I wou'd die, and a Lover for whom I wou'd live. They both are Authors of my Grief.

Leo. They both are Inſtruments of my Misfortune.

ACT V.

Enter Lopez.

OH O, my good Signior Don *John*, you are miſtaken in your Man; I am your humble Valet, 'tis true, and I am to obey you: but when you have got the Devil in your Body, and are upon your Rantipole Adventures, you ſhall *Quixote* it by your ſelf for *Lopez*. Yonder he is, waiting for poor *Guzman*, with a Sword of a Fathom and a half, a Dagger for cloſe Engagement; and (if I don't miſtake) a Pocket Piſtol for extraordinary Occaſions. I think I am not in the wrong to keep a little out of the way: Theſe matters will end in a Court of Juſtice, or I'm wrong in my foreſight: Now that being a place where I am pretty well known, and not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis beſt, neither to come in for Priſoner nor Evidence. But hold; yonder comes another *Toledo*. Don *Guzman* I preſume, but I preſume wrong, 'tis —— who is't? Don *Pedro*, by all the Powers. What the Pox does he here, or what the Pox do I here? I'm ſure as matters ſtand, I ought to fly him like a Creditor; but he ſees me, 'tis too late to ſlip him.

Enter Don Pedro.

Don *Ped.* How now, *Lopez*, where are you going?

Lop. I'm going, Sir, I —— I'm going —— if you pleaſe I'm going about my Buſineſs.

Don *Ped.* From whence do you come?

Lop. Only, only Sir, from —— taking the Air a little, I'm mightily muddled with a Whur — round about in my Head for this day or two, I'm going home to be let Blood, as faſt as I can, Sir.

Don *Ped.* Hold, Sir, I'll let you Blood here.

This Raſcal may have borne ſome part in this late Adventure: He's a Coward, I'll try to frighten it out of him.

[*Seizing him by the Collar, and drawing his Poniard.*]

You Traitor you, y'are dead.

Lop. Mercy, Don *Pedro.*

Don *Ped.* Are you not a Villian? [Lop. *Kneeling.*

Lop. Yes if you pleaſe.

Don *Ped.* Is there ſo great a one upon Earth?

Lop. With reſpect to my Maſter? No.

Don *Ped.* Prepare then to die.

Lop. Give me but time, and I will. But noble Don *Pedro*, juſt Don *Pedro*, generous Don *Pedro*, what is it I have done?

Don *Ped.* What if thou dar'ſt deny, I'll plunge this Dagger deep into thy Throat, and drive the Falſhood to thy Heart again. Therefore take heed, and on thy Life declare; didſt thou not this laſt Night open my doors to let Don *Guzman* in?

Lop. Don *Guzman!*

Don *Ped.* Don *Guzman?* Yes, Don *Guzman*, Traitor, him.

Lop. Now may the Sky cruſh me, if I let in Don *Guzman.*

Don *Ped.* Who did you let in then? It wan't your Maſter ſure! if it was him, you did your Duty, I have no more to ſay.

Lop. Why then if I let in any body elſe, I'm a Son of a Whore. [*Riſing.*

Don *Ped.* Did he order you beforehand, or did you do't upon his knocking?

Lop.

Lop. Why he; I'll tell you, Sir, he — pray put up that Brilliant, it ſparkles ſo in my Eyes, it almoſt blinds me — thank you, Sir. [*Don* Ped. *puts it up.*

Why, Sir, I'll tell you juſt how the matter was, but I hope you won't conſider me as a Party.

Don *Ped.* Go on, thou art ſafe.

Lop. Why then, Sir, when (for our Sins) you had left us, ſays my Maſter to me, *Lopez*, ſays he, go and ſtay at old Don *Felix*'s Houſe, till Don *Pedro* returns, they'll paſs thee for his Servant, and think he has order'd thee to ſtay there. And then, ſays he, doſt hear, open me the Door by *Leonora*'s Apartment to-night, for I have a little buſineſs, ſays he, to do there.

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] Perfidious Wretch!

Lop. Indeed, I was at firſt a littly wreſty, and ſtood off; being ſuſpicious (for I knew the Man) that there might be ſome ill Intentions. But he knew me too, takes me upon the weak ſide, whips out a long Sword, and by the ſame Means makes me do the thing, as you have made me diſcover it. — [*Aſide.*] There's neither Liberty nor Property in this Land, ſince the Blood of the *Bourbons* came amongſt us.

Don *Ped.* Then you let him in, as he bid you?

Lop. I did: If I had not, I had never liv'd to tell you the Story. Yes, I let him in.

Don *Ped.* And what follow'd?

Lop. Why he follow'd.

Don *Ped.* What?

Lop. His Inclinations.

Don *Ped.* Which way?

Lop. The old Way; To a Woman.

Don *Ped.* Confound him!

Lop. In ſhort, he got to Madam's Chamber, and before he had been there long, (tho' you know, Sir, a little time goes a great way in ſome matters) I heard ſuch a clutter of ſmall Shot, Murder, Murder, Murder, Rape, Fire, Help, and ſo forth —— But hold, here he comes himſelf, and can give you a more circumſtantial account of the Skirmiſh.

Don *Ped.* I thank thee Heaven at laſt, for having pointed me to the Victim I am to ſacrifice. [*Ex.* Lop.

Enter Don John.

[*Drawing.*] Villain, defend thy ſelf.

Don *John.* What do you mean?

Don *Ped.* To puniſh a Traitor.

Don *John.* Where is he?

Don *Ped.* In the Heart of a ſworn Friend.

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] I ſaw *Lopez* go from him; without doubt he has told him all. [*To Don* Ped.] Of what am I ſuſpected?

Don *Ped.* Of betraying the greateſt Truſt that Man cou'd place in Man.

Don *John.* And by whom am I accus'd?

Don *Ped.* By me: Have at thy Traitor's Heart.

Don *John.* Hold! And be not quite a Madman!

Pedro. You know me well: You know I am not backward upon theſe Occaſions, nor ſhall I refuſe you any Satisfaction you'll demand; but firſt, I will be heard, and tell you, That for a Man of Senſe, you are pleas'd to make very odd Concluſions.

Don *Ped.* Why, what is't poſſible thou canſt invent to clear thy ſelf?

Don *John.* To clear my ſelf! Of what? I'm to be thank'd for what I have done, and not reproach'd. I find I have been an Aſs, and puſh'd my Friendſhip to that Point, you find not Virtue in your ſelf enough to conceive it in another. But henceforward, I ſhall be a better Husband on't.

Don *Ped.* I ſhou'd be loth to find Ingratitude cou'd e'er be juſtly charg'd upon me: But after what your Servant has confeſs'd———

Don *John.* My Servant! right, my Servant! The very thing I gueſs'd. Fy, fy, Don *Pedro*; Is't from a Servant's Mouth a Friend condemns a Friend? or can Servants always judge at what their Maſters outward Actions point? But ſome Allowances I ſhou'd make for the wild Agitation you muſt needs be in. I'm therefore calm, and thus far paſs all by.

Don

Don *Ped.* If you are innocent, Heaven be my Aid, that I may find you ſo. But ſtill ——

Don *John.* But ſtill you wrong me, if you ſtill ſuſpect. Hear then, in ſhort, my part of this Adventure. In order to acquit my ſelf of the Charge you laid upon me in your Abſence, I went laſt Night, juſt as 'twas dark, to view the ſeveral Approaches to the Houſe where you had left your Wife; and I obſerv'd not far from one of the back Doors, two Perſons in cloſe eager Conference: I was diſguis'd, ſo ventur'd to paſs near 'em, and by a word or two I heard, I found 'twas *Guzman* talking to *Jacinta*. My Concern for your Honour, made me at firſt reſolve to call him to an immediate account. But then reflecting that I might poſſibly o'er-hear ſome part of their Diſcourſe, and by that judge of *Leonora*'s Thoughts, I rein'd my Paſſion in; and by the help of an advancing Buttreſs, which kept me from their ſight, I learnt the black Conſpiracy. Don *Guzman* ſaid, he had great Complaint to make; and ſince his honourable Love had been ſo ill return'd, he could with eaſe forgive himſelf, if by ſome rougher means he ſhould procure, what Prayers and Tears and Sighs had urg'd in vain.

Don *Ped.* Go on.

Don *John.* His kind Aſſiſtant clos'd ſmoothly with him, and inform'd him with what eaſe that very Night ſhe'd introduce him to her Chamber. At laſt, they parted, with this agreement, That at ſome Overture in a Wall, he ſhould expect her to inform him when *Leonora* was in Bed, and all the Coaſt was clear.

Don *Ped.* Diſpatch the reſt —— Is't poſſible after all he ſhould be innocent!

Don *John.* I muſt confeſs the Reſolution taken, made me tremble for you: How to prevent it now and for ever, was my next care. I immediately order'd *Lopez*, to go lie at Don *Felix*'s, and to open me the door when all the Family were in Bed. He did as I directed him. I enter'd, and in the dark found my way to *Leonora*'s Apartment; I found the Door open, at which I was ſurpriz'd. I thought I heard ſome ſtirring in her Chamber,

ber, and in an inſtant heard her cry for Aid. At this I drew, and ruſh'd into the Room which *Guzman* alarm'd at, cry'd out to her aſſiſtance. His ready Impudence, I muſt confeſs, at firſt quite ſtruck me ſpeechleſs; but in a moment I regain'd my Tongue, and loud proclaim'd the Traitor.

Don *Ped.* Is't poſſible!

Don *John.* Yet more: your Arrival hindring me at that time from taking vengeance for your Wrong, I at this Inſtant expect him here, to puniſh him (with Heaven's righteous Aid) for daring to attempt my Ruin with the Man, whoſe Friendſhip I prefer to all the Bleſſings Heaven and Earth diſpenſe.

And now, Don *Pedro*, I have told you this, if ſtill you have a mind to take my Life, I ſhall defend it with the ſelf-ſame warmth, I intended to expoſe it in your Service. [*Draws.*

Don *Ped.* [*Aſide.*] If I did not know he was in love with *Leonora*, I could be eaſily ſurpriz'd with what he has told me. But ——— But yet 'tis certain he has deſtroyed the Proofs againſt him; and if I only hold him guilty as a Lover, why muſt Don *Guzman* paſs for innocent? Good Gods, I am again returning to my Doubts!

Don *John.* [*Aſide.*] I have at laſt reduc'd him to a Balance, but one Lye more toſt in, will turn the Scale. *To Don* Ped.] One Obligation more, my Friend, you owe me; I thought to have let it paſs, but it ſhall out. Know then, I lov'd, like you, the beauetous *Leonora*; but from the moment I obſerv'd how deep her Dart had pierc'd you, I tore my Paſſion from my bleeding Heart, and ſacrific'd my Happineſs to yours. Now, I have no more to plead; if ſtill you think your Vengeance is my due, come pay it me.

Don *Ped.* Rather ten thouſand Poniards ſtrike me dead. O *Alvarada!* Can you forgive a wild diſtracted Friend? Gods! Whither was my jealous Frenzy leading me? Can you forget this barbarous Injury?

Don *John.* I can: No more. But for the future, think me what I am, a faithful and a zealous Friend. Retire, and leave me here. In a few moments I hope

to

to bring you farther Proofs on't. *Guzman* I inſtantly expect, leave me to do you Juſtice on him.

Don *Ped.* That muſt not be. My Revenge can ne'er be ſatisfy'd by any other hand but this.

Don *John.* Then let that do't. You'll in a moment have an opportunity.

Don *Ped.* You miſtake, he won't be here.

Don *John.* How ſo?

Don *Ped.* He has not had your Challenge. His Siſter intercepted it, and deſir'd I wou'd come to prevent the Quarrel.

Don *John.* What then is to be done?

Don *Ped.* I'll go and find him out immediately.

Don *John.* Very well: Or hold —— [*Aſide.*] I muſt hinder 'em from talking, Goſſiping may diſcover me.

Yes: Let's go and find him: Or let me ſee—— Ay——'twill do better.

Don *Ped.* What?

Don *John.* Why—— That the Puniſhment ſhould ſuit the Crime.

Don *Ped.* Explain.

Don *John.* Attack him by his own Laws of War—— 'Twas in the Night he would have had your Honour, and in the Night you ought to have his Life.

Don *Ped.* His Treaſon cannot take the Guilt from mine.

Don *John.* There is no Guilt in fair Retaliation. When 'tis a point of Honour founds the Quarrel, the Laws of Sword-Men muſt be kept, 'tis true: But if a Thief glides in to ſeize my Treaſure, methinks I may return the Favour on my Dagger's Point, as well as with my Sword of Ceremony ſix times as long.

Don *Ped.* Yet ſtill the nobler Method I wou'd chooſe; it better ſatisfies the Vengeance of a Man of Honour.

Don *John.* I own it, were you ſure you ſhou'd ſucceed: But the Events of Combats are uncertain. Your Enemy may 'ſcape you: You perhaps may only wound him; you may be parted. Believe me, *Pedro*, the Injury's too great for a Punctilio Satisfaction.

Don

Don *Ped.* Well, guide me as you pleaſe, ſo you direct me quickly to my Vengeance. What do you propoſe?

Don *John.* That which is eaſy, as 'tis juſt to execute. The Wall he paſt, to attempt your Wife, let us get over to prevent his doing ſo any more. 'Twill let us into a private Apartment by his Garden, where every Evening in his amorous Solitudes he ſpends ſome time alone, and where I gueſs his late fair Scheme was drawn. The Deed done, we can retreat the way we enter'd; let me be your Pilot, 'tis now e'en dark, and the moſt proper time,

Don *Ped.* Lead on; I'll follow you.

Don *John* [*Aſide.*] How many Villanies I'm forc'd to act, to keep one ſecret! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Don* Guzman's *Apartment.*

Don Guzman, *ſitting,* ſolus.

With what Rigour does this unfaithful Woman treat me? Is't poſſible it can be ſhe, who appear'd to love me with ſo much tenderneſs? How little ſtreſs is to be laid upon a Woman's Heart? Sure they're not worth thoſe anxious Cares they give. [*Riſing*] Then burſt my Chains, and give me room to ſearch for nobler Pleaſures. I feel my Heart begin to mutiny for Liberty; there is a Spirit in it yet, will ſtruggle hard for Freedom: but Solitude's the worſt of Seconds. Ho, *Sancho, Galinda,* who waits there? Bring ſome Lights. Where are you?

Enter Galinda, *rubbing his Eyes, and drunk.*

Galin. I can't well tell. Do you want me, Sir?

Don *Guz.* Yes, Sir, I want you. Why am I left in the dark? what were you doing?

Galin. Doing, Sir! I was doing——— what one does when one ſleeps, Sir.

Don *Guz.* Have you no Light without?

Gal. [*Yawning.*] Light! ——— No, Sir,———I have no Light. I am us'd to Hardſhip, I can ſleep in the dark.

Don

Don *Guz.* You have been drinking, you Raſcal, you are drunk.

Gal. I have been drinking, Sir 'tis true, but I am not drunk. Every Man that is drunk, has been drinking; confeſs'd. But every Man that has been drinking, is not drunk. Confeſs that too.

Don *Guz.* Who is't has put you in this Condition, you Sot?

Galin. A very honeſt Fellow: Madam *Leonora's* Coachman, no body elſe. I have been making a little debauch with Madam *Leonora's* Coachman; yes.

Don *Guz.* How came you to drink with him, Beaſt?

Galin. Only *per* Complaiſance, Sir. The Coachman was to be drunk upon Madam's Wedding; and I being a Friend, was deſired to take part.

Don *Guz.* And ſo you Villain, you can make your ſelf merry, with what renders me miſerable.

Galin. No, Sir, no; 'twas the Coachman was merry: I drank with Tears in my Eyes. The remembrance of your Misfortunes, made me ſo ſad, ſo ſad, that every Cup I ſwallow'd, was like a Cup of Poiſon to me.

Don *Guz.* Without doubt.

Galin. Yes; and to mortify my ſelf upon melancholy Matters, I believe I took down fifty. Yes.

Don *Guz.* Go fetch ſome Lights, you drunken Sot you.

Galin. I will. If I can find the Door, that's to ſay —— The Devil's in the Door; I think 'tis grown too little for me —— Shrunk this wet Weather, I preſume. { *Feeling for the Door and running againſt it.* } [*Ex.* Galin.

Don Guzman *alone.*

Abſence, the old Remedy for Love, muſt e'en be mine: to ſtay and brave the Danger, were Preſumption: Farewel *Valencia* then, and farewel *Leonora.* And if thou can'ſt, my Heart, redeem thy Liberty; ſecure it by a Farewel eternal to her Sex.

Re-

Re-enter Galindo, *with a Candle, he falls, and puts it out.*

Galin. Here's light, Sir —— So.

Don *Guz.* Well done. You ſottiſh Raſcal, come no more in my ſight. } *Paſſing angrily into another Chamber.*

[*Ex. Don.* Guz.

Galin. Theſe Boards are ſo uneven ——— You ſhall ſee now I ſhall neither find the Candle —— nor the Candleſtick; it ſhan't be for want of ſearching however. } *Riſing and feeling about for the Candle.*

———O ho, have I got you? enough, I'll look for your Companion to morrow.

Enter Don Pedro *and Don* John.

Don *Ped.* Where are we now?

Don *John.* We are in the Apartment I told you of ——— Softly ——— I hear ſomething ſtir ——— Ten to one but 'tis he.

Galin. Don't I hear ſomewhat? ———No ——— when one has Wine in one's Head, one has ſuch a buſtle in one's Ears.

Don *Pedro.* [*to Don* John.] Who is that talking to himſelf?

Don *John.* 'Tis his Servant, I know his Voice, keep ſtill.

Galin. Well; ſince my Maſter has baniſh'd me his ſight, I'll redeem by my Obedience, what I have loſt by my Debauch. I'll go ſleep twelve Hours in ſome melancholy Hole where the Devil ſhan't find me. Yes.

[*Ex.* Galin.

Don *John.* He's gone; but huſh, I hear ſome body coming.

Don *Guz.* Ho there, will no body bring light?

[*Behind the Scene.*

Don *Ped.* 'Tis *Guzman.*

Don *John.* 'Tis ſo, prepare.

Don *Ped.* Shall I own my Weakneſs, I feel an inward Check; I wiſh this could be done ſome other way.

Don

Don *John*. Diſtraction all! is this a time to ba-
nce? Think on the Injury he would have done you,
will fortify your Arm, and guide your Dagger to his
eart.

Don *Ped*. Enough, I'll heſitate no more; be ſatis-
'd; hark, he's coming.

Don Guzman *paſſes the Stage.*

Don *Guz*. I think theſe Rogues are reſolved to leave
e in the dark all Night. [*Ex. Don* Guz.

Don *John*. Now's your time, follow him, and ſtrike
ome.

Don *Ped*. To his Heart, if my Dagger will reach it.
[*Don* Pedro *follows him.*

Don *John*. [*aſide*] If one be kill'd I'm ſatisfy'd;
s no great matter which.

Re-enter Don Guzman, *Don* Pedro *following him,*
with his Dagger ready to ſtrike.

Don *Guz*. [*aſide*.] My Chamber-Door's lock'd, and I
nk I hear ſomebody tread —— Who's there? —— No
dy anſwers. But ſtill I hear ſomething ſtir. Holo
ere! *Sancho*, are you all drunk? ſome Lights here
ickly. [*Exit.*

on Guzman *paſſes by the Corner where Don* John *ſtands,*
and goes off the Stage; *Don* Pedro *following him, ſtabs*
Don John.

Don *Ped*. [*aſide*.] I think I'm near him now:——
raitor, take that, my Wife has ſent it thee.

Don *John*. Ah, I'm dead.

Don *Ped*. Then thou haſt thy due.

Don *John*. I have indeed, 'tis I that have betray'd
ee.

Don *Ped*. And 'tis I that am reveng'd on thee for do-
g it.

Don *John*. I wou'd have forc'd thy Wife.

Don *Ped*. Die then with the Regret, to have fail'd
thy Attempt.

Don *John*. Farewel, if thou can'ſt forgive me — [*dies.*

Don *Ped*. I have done the deed, there's nothing left,
t to make our Eſcape. Don *John*, where are you?
t's be gone, I hear the Servants coming.

Lopez

Lopez *knocks hard at the Door.*

Lop. Open there quickly, open the Door.

Don *Ped.* That's *Lopez*, we ſhall be diſcover'd. But 'tis no great matter, the Crime will juſtify the Execution; but where's Don *John*? Don *John*, where are you?

Lopez *knocks again.*

Lop. Open the Door there, quickly. Madam, I ſaw 'em both paſs the Wall, the Devil's in't if any good comes on't.

Leo. I am frightned out of my Senſes: ho, *Iſabella!*

Don *Ped.* 'Tis *Leonora.* She's welcome. With her own Eyes let her ſee her *Guzman* dead.

Enter Don Guzman, Leonora, Iſabella, Jacinta *and* Lopez, *with Lights.*

Don *Ped.* Ha, What is't I ſee? *Guzman* alive? Then who art thou? [*Looking on Don* John.

Don *Guz.* *Guzman* alive! Yes, *Pedro*, *Guzman* is alive.

Don *Ped.* Then Heaven is juſt, and there's a Traitor dead.

[*Iſabella weeps.*] Alas, Don *John.*

Lop. [*looking upon Don* John.] *Bonus Nocius.*

Don *Guz.* What has produced this bloody Scene?—

Don *Ped.* 'Tis I have been the Actor in't, my Poniard, *Guzman*, I intended in your Heart: I thought your Crime deſerv'd it: but I did you wrong, and my hand in ſearching the Innocent, has by Heaven's Juſtice been directed to the Guilty. Don *John*, with his laſt breath, confeſs'd himſelf the Offender. Thus my Revenge is ſatisfied, and you are clear'd.

Don *Guz.* Good Heaven, how equitable are thy Judgments!

Don *Ped.* [*to* Leo.] Come, Madam, my Honour now is ſatisfied, and if you pleaſe my Love may be ſo too.

Leo. If it is not,

You to your ſelf alone ſhall owe your Smart,
For where I've given my Hand, I'll give my Heart.

FINIS.

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